

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER
AND
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

NOVEMBER, 1855.

ART. I. — THE PRESENT THEOLOGICAL REACTION IN
GERMANY.

WE resume our review of that interesting process now going on in the religious life of Germany. Many attempts had been made by individuals, in pamphlets, in articles, and in prefaces to books,* to stem the flood which was rapidly rising, and threatening to sweep off everything which the previous deluge had not carried away. But divided efforts were altogether ineffectual, and it soon became evident, that only the united faculty of a university could arrest the current. The erection of the first bulwark was to be expected, above all others, from the Georgia Augusta; that University, whose history is identified with the cause of civil and religious

* Besides the extracts given in the Examiner for May, 1855, see

"On the Relation of the Creed to the Church. A Vote against the New Lutheran Doctrines, by Albert Ritschl, Professor of Theology in Bonn." Bonn. 1854. pp. 32.

"Un-Lutheran Theses, intelligible to Everybody. Composed and collected by Rudolph Stier. 'Hard against hard.'" Brunswick. 1854. pp. 53.

"Luther's Relation to the Augsburg Confession. An Historical Essay by Dr. L. J. Rückert, Professor in Jena. 'Amicus Plato, amicus Aristoteles, sed magis amica veritas.'" Jena. 1854. pp. 33.

Dr. Redepenning's Easter Programme, "De Odio Theologico nunc reviviscente." Göttingen. 1854.

liberty, and whose position has always been cosmopolitan rather than provincial. It is not forgotten, that in 1837 seven of its professors, Dahlmann, Ewald, Gervinus, Jacob and William Grimm, Albrecht, and William Weber, were deprived of their offices, and some of them banished from the kingdom, for having protested against the overthrow of the constitution of 1833 by the king, Ernst August. More recently, in February, 1853, the whole Law Faculty of the University, under the lead of their senior, Kibbentrop, publicly declared, during the trial of Gervinus on account of his "Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century," that, notwithstanding the author's liberal sentiments,* he ought to be entirely acquitted of the accusation brought against him by the government of Baden. And exactly a year later, in February, 1854, in a similar cause, — there the results of scientific inquiry being said to violate the law, and here to be contrary to the Confession, — the entire Faculty of Theology, with the venerable Lücke at their head, issued an independent and noble memorial, protesting against the tyranny of the creed, and vindicating the right of free inquiry and also of free instruction.

The reasonableness of this document and the eminence of its signers provoked at once great opposition. It was first attacked by Petri, who had compared the Evangelical Union to a loose wanton, in his "Examination of the Göttingen Memorial" (Hanover, 1854). After convicting the oldest member of the Faculty of opposition to Lutheran exclusiveness, and the youngest of having for-

* The following passages from the Introduction, which were cited in the indictment to support the charge of high treason and endangering the public peace, have lost neither their interest nor truth, though two years have passed since they were written. "Constitutional rights were promised to France, to Spain, to Poland, to Prussia, to all the states of Germany; but at the first signs that the nations would make use of their constitutions, both freedom and promises were suppressed. The monarchical power, however, since the times of the French Revolution, has lost its spell. Since the restoration of the Bourbons, it has forfeited all confidence by the common breach of faith, through which the nations have been robbed of their promised rights. Its most recent acts have deprived it, in the eyes of many, of its last moral supports. Three great nations, with the most dissimilar forms of government, are now rivalling one another in equal power. The absolutism of Russia has against it the universal hatred of the civilized world; the constitutional monarchy of England lies, for most states, beyond realization; the democratic form of government of America is, for the great masses, their model and their choice."

merly been an active Unionist, and the other three of being "declared supporters of the Protestant Church Gazette, whose object is the union of all Evangelical Christians," he maintains that theology cannot pronounce freely upon what it teaches, that it cannot assert that any fact connected with salvation is unhistorical, opposed to the law of human development, or contrary to reason, but that it has only to mould the material which is given to it, and is subject to the authority of the Lutheran creeds. He even avers that theology as a science "is bound not merely by the saving facts and fundamental truths of the Gospel as they lie before us in the word of God, but as they are attested and believed by the Evangelical Church; how far in its investigations it must harmonize with the fully developed creed, and how far it may vary from it, must be determined on the one side by conscience, and on the other by the government of the university"!

More positive in its defence of the principles of his party was the "Lutheran Answer to the Memorial by J. H. Wolff," (Stade, 1854,) a member of the Pastoral Conference which had first arraigned the Faculty. He inquires, "What shall we do with our school-teachers who do not believe? If we can easily and quickly win them over for the truth by the spiritual weapons of language, this certainly is the noblest victory. But if this does not succeed, or success is not so soon perceivable, no other remedy remains but to turn the creed against them as a law, offering them the alternative, Either teach, as the Church in whose service you stand has prescribed to you, and as you bound yourselves to do on entering its service, or leave your office." The same method he thinks should be applied to pastors, professors, and especially the Theological Faculties, and he says that the Stade Conference, in directing its attention to the Universities, only followed the example of Tarquin the Proud, who cut off the highest poppy-heads for his son Sextus's instruction. He even recommends "an ecclesiastical control over those branches of the Philosophical Faculty which stand in a closer relation to theology, particularly the exegesis of the Old Testament."

"We admit our opposition to the useful societies of the Evangelical Church; for, to say all in one word, we oppose all and

every ecclesiastical association with the Reformed and the Unionists. We can therefore by no means be content to demand of the members of our church, and the theological instructors of our universities, merely assent to the general doctrines of Christianity, as expressed in the Apostles' Creed, — which, moreover, are self-evident, — but we must also demand assent to the peculiar doctrines which make our church specifically Lutheran, and, as a necessary consequence of this, opposition to the dissent of other churches. An evangelical freedom of instruction we know not, and will not bear; Lutheran freedom of instruction we not only bear, but require. If the Lutheran creed does not express the faith of the professors of theology in Göttingen, we by no means wish that they should be forced to teach and defend it. We are great friends of religious freedom, and willingly allow every one to go where he belongs. Professors doubtless could be found for Göttingen, who do not regard the Lutheran Creed as a strait-jacket. We ourselves believe that our Lutheran Church has a special calling to be a union church, because it keeps the true and sound mean between Catholic materialism on the right, and Reformed spiritualism on the left."

Superior in ability and in bitterness to the pamphlets of the above-mentioned editor and pastor was the letter of the Ober-Kirchenrath, Dr. Klieforth, to the Theological Faculty in Göttingen, written on the 4th of July, as the introductory article to his new "Church Review," which is published quarterly in Schwerin and Rostock. Objecting to the principle of Dr. Redepenning, that we must gather from the Scriptures the spirit of the Scriptures, stigmatizing Spener as an exotic growth on the Lutheran Church, he distinctly affirms that "Schleiermacher and his school established Christlichkeit, but not Kirchlichkeit, and we advocate Churchism as you do Christianity." He tells the professors that they should have followed their pupils, and that the fathers should have learned of their children; whereas they have preferred to stand in relation to them "as gray-headed old people to the young folks," because they acknowledge Christ as their master rather than the Church. The Synod of Berlin, he says, discovered that the Augsburg Confession was not, as the people had believed for three hundred years, a special creed of the Lutheran Church, but one common to the Lutherans and the Reformed; and he affirms that these Unionists are "neither Lutherans nor Reformed, but Ideologists who regard Lutheranism and Calvinism as outgrown theological tendencies."

The greatest sensation, however, has been occasioned by the remarks of Dr. Hengstenberg, in Numbers 48-51 of the Evangelical Church Gazette. In the Programme which accompanies every monthly number, the editor declares: "Although the main object of the Evangelical Church Gazette is a positive one, although it will build up rather than pull down, yet, as the Gospel from its nature must combat what is opposed to it, it cannot altogether avoid controversy. But the more carefully will it refrain from pronouncing judgment upon persons, abstain from all personalities, and, far from all bitterness, show by its example that firmness of conviction is compatible with the love and mildness which the Gospel demands of its confessors, since it shows them from whom they can learn this first of all Christian virtues, and how they can retain it." In accordance with this, we read: "The unecclesiastical character of the mode of thought of a portion of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen is notorious, even in circles which lie far beyond the sphere of theology. Dr. Lücke has never as yet signified, that Dr. Nitzsch's defence of the immanent Trinity against his opposition to it more than ten years ago, has produced conviction on his mind. He has also lately publicly declared, among other statements, that Schleiermacher's reasons against the real existence of the Devil appear to him irrefutable. The intimate connection of Dr. Gieseler with the low rationalism, and his Free-Mason 'Humanismus,' are no less matters of notoriety. These intimations are enough to prove the want of agreement of the two-named Göttingen theologians with the œcumenical Christian faith, to say nothing of the doctrines of the Lutheran Church." Such are the ignoble words uttered against the revered commentator upon the Gospel of John, and the eminent church historian, then lying on his death-bed.*

We recollected, however, that that journal had shown the same animosity to Schleiermacher and Neander,†

* Both have since gone to their reward. The triumvirate consisting of Schleiermacher, De Wette, and Lücke has now, by the death of the last, on the 14th of February, 1855, been entirely dissolved, while the Göttingen University, in being called to mourn within so brief an interval the loss of Gieseler, Lücke, Osiander, and Gauss, has experienced a fate like Niobe's, from which it will not soon recover.

† The "Protestantische Monat Blätter für innere Zeitgeschichte," edited

that there was scarcely a great mind who had not been honored by its malignity and abuse, so that it was almost a recommendation for a book to be printed in its black list, as it has become an honor to be cited in the Index Expurgatorius, since Humboldt's *Kosmos*, Macaulay's *History of England*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been registered upon it. We considered, too, how little influence writings from this quarter any longer have with those who have not lost their reason and conscience, particularly since the editor had been summoned to public trial for a bitter article which he had written against the United Church in the Pfalz, and, refusing to appear, had been proceeded against *in contumaciam*, sentenced to a fine of fifty florins and to imprisonment for three years, and his paper prohibited until the penalty should be paid.

Very different, however, was the impression produced upon the theologians of the middle school, as was manifest from the reply of the celebrated author of the *History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ*, which was entitled "Repulsion of Unjust Attacks of Professor Dr. Hengstenberg upon Two Members of the Theological Faculty of the Georgia Augusta, by Dr. J. A. Dorner." (Göttingen, 1854.) Here, after charging the Berlin Professor with playing the spy, and endeavoring to draw the church of Hanover into the same confessional quarrels which he and his friends had excited in that of Prussia, after showing that, instead of discussing the questions at issue, he had resorted to personalities to make the controversy more malignant, and that he was untrue to his own profession in thus opposing the liberty of instruction, he asks:—

"But, in the first place, who made him a judge of what is Lutheran and what not, or who recognizes him as such? When did he go over to the Lutherans from the Reformed Church,

by Professor Gelzer, with the assistance of Dorner, Hagenbach, Hundeshagen, Nitzsch, Ullmann, and others, says (Vol. III. Heft 6, p. 352): "Have we not had to experience, what was incredible, that one of the few great men in whom Christ was truly formed, a man from whose countenance and words a heavenly mind beamed forth,—that Neander was commiserated with pharisaical pride as a 'half-infidel,' 'of weak faith' and 'undecided,' by judges who were not worthy to loose his sandals!" The reference here is unmistakably to him who, as a Jew confessed to have been converted to Christianity by reading Neander's *History of the Church*, replied, "Thank God that you were not lost by reading such a book!"

which bore him, and whose enemy he now seems to have become to such a degree, that his conduct is more suggestive of the well-known manner of new converts, than of feelings of filial piety and gratitude, which he ought to have towards an ecclesiastical home that he had left with a good conscience? Does he think that those who are born Lutherans will allow him to teach us what is Lutheran, — him, who, excepting his dilettantism in ecclesiastical law, has made independent studies only upon the Old Testament, but none upon dogmatics? Let him first come to an understanding with the Erlangen theologians, who must surely know what is Lutheran better than he? I promise him that I will joyfully give my sympathy to such an agreement, because I know that they see through his departures from the fundamental principles of the Lutheran Church. In his dead, unorganized, unhistorical, non-literal, non-immaterial spiritualistic doctrine he is not Lutheran, and has no right to sit in judgment upon the affairs of the Lutheran Church or the Theological Faculty in Göttingen. Let not Dr. Hengstenberg, after having been first Reformed and then a zealous Unionist, think that he can cite for his legitimation as a Lutheran, that the Reformed and Unionists no longer reckon him among them, but regard him as a seceder. This is indeed true; but it is possible that the ecclesiastical home for Dr. H. has not yet been found. Of this, the changes which he runs through almost from one decennium to another testify, as well as that in which he seems to have remained true to himself in all his phases, I mean, his constant dogmatical, censorious, oracular, and unpeaceable nature."

In answer to the charge of rationalism, he replies, that this was an epidemic which ran through all the churches, the Lutheran and Catholic as well as the rest. Very forcibly does he then demonstrate that a dependence upon what has been sanctioned by the Church is one of the lowest forms of rationalism; for, however imposing that which has been accepted by a majority may appear in comparison with what has been adopted only by a few, it is yet more servile to rely on the reason of others than on one's own. This slavish and enslaving rationalism establishes human ecclesiastical laws in opposition to the authority of truth, binds the word of God and apotheosizes the word of man, and, assuming the veil of false humility and the garb of moral and religious sloth, will rather subject itself to the Church than wrestle with God in personal repentance and prayer.

"There is thus a very church-like rationalism, as is proved by Romanism on a large scale, and by the Catholic tendencies, now active among us, in duodecimo form. Not only the English but also the German Puseyism has too many inclinations towards it, which is the more dangerous and tenacious, the more it favors the pride and ease of the heart, and draws off the interest in religion to false substitutes for it. As is well known, I am not the first and shall not be the last to see in Dr. Hengstenberg particularly a rationalism which deceives himself. Gieseler had no sympathy with this objective rationalism, which adorns itself with the name of *Kirchlichkeit*; but that he kept himself far from it can manifestly redound only to his praise. A thoroughly learned and clear-seeing man, he detected the lurking poison in this magnifying of human authority, and, because he loved the Evangelical Church, honestly warned, according to his ability, against such apostasy to the principles of Protestantism. In my opinion, if Dr. Hengstenberg had led one person inwardly and truly to that higher power of the Gospel truth which emancipates at the same time that it binds, he would have done more than in leading thousands to pass from subjective to objective rationalism, — a step which is easily and (as we see) quickly taken, because it demands no essential change in the individual soul; yes, this arbitrary submission to human authority in matters of faith, which was never enjoined by God, is itself an act of subjective rationalism. But what sort of *Kirchlichkeit* is that in which Dr. Lücke is deficient? That of Dr. Hengstenberg? That which treats the doctrine of the Church as fundamental, makes its law the rule of Scriptural interpretation, and its authority the ground of faith? But the ecclesiastical conformity of the Catholics is different from that of the Evangelicals, and the demand for the former in the Evangelical Church must fall back therefore with double force as an accusation on the accuser. We have a right, according to the above, to admonish Dr. Hengstenberg simply of his incompetency, till he shall have renounced his Catholicizing rationalism."

Regretting that it had been necessary to speak so earnestly in behalf of a great and holy cause, "by his discussion of which Dr. Hengstenberg has long been a riddle and an affliction to hundreds and thousands of honest, pious Christians," he concludes: "May he not do as he has often done when the weightiest and most serious charges have been brought against him by Christian men, endeavor to escape responsibility by silence, or seek, by diverting to other topics and exciting other strifes, to cause the present matter to be forgotten, in

order again soon to usurp the judgment-seat which he had temporarily forsaken," — a wish which to this day has been unfulfilled.

Strong as this philippic was as an attack, it must be conceded to have been very weak as a defence. Gieseler, indeed, was a man of far too deep and comprehensive views of Christianity to deserve the reproach of being a "low rationalist," and it certainly indicates great ignorance or ill-will in any one who could forge such an imputation against him. Nevertheless, as his lectures upon dogmatics show, it is in vain to claim him as a member of either of the schools of Orthodoxy; and Dr. Dorner himself says: "That the lamented Gieseler fully understood and fully accepted the doctrine of justification by faith, I do not assert; the man himself, humble before God, quietly and ceaselessly active, would not have asserted it. What may have been defective in his theology I have not to unfold. What has been said suffices for my purpose, to prove that the assertion of Dr. Hengstenberg is unjust and untrue." So, also, Dorner does not pretend that Lücke believes in the church doctrines of the Devil and the Trinity, though he maintains that he has not overstepped the limits which the Lutheran Church allows. He merely remarks in a note, with respect to the former, that Dr. Lücke complains that, in his review of Martensen's *Dogmatik*, he was inaccurately reported; but he specifies no particulars, and he cannot refer to a misstatement of his thought, as must be evident to every one who will look to the original article.*

* In the German Periodical for Christian Science and Christian Life for 1851, No. 8, page 59, Lücke thus writes of Martensen and his doctrine of the Devil: "He belongs in tendency to those who, partly from exegetical, partly from speculative grounds, cannot resolve to regard the whole Biblical representation of the doctrine as a popular symbolizing of the Christian idea of evil, and to transpose that into this. The Scriptural representation of the real existence of a personal Devil seems to him, partly from exegetical, partly from speculative theological reasons, to be directly revealed, so that on this most difficult problem he asserts just the opposite of Schleiermacher, who particularly controverts that representation of Scripture, as contradicting the strict monotheistic principle of the Gospel. On this point I must decidedly oppose the dogmatic theory of the author, and stand on the side of Schleiermacher, whose reasons against the real existence of the Devil as a doctrine seem to me not satisfactorily refuted even by our author, and, to say it openly, seem also irrefutable. I know that in the present conservative and at the same time progressive theological parliament, in which I have my seat, I am in the minority with this confes-

He adds, that Dr. Lücke does not deny eternal distinctions or dispositions in God, but he will bring these into a closer connection than is usually done with the world of revelation. After this acknowledgment of his belief in a modal Trinity, he continues: —

“Has Dr. Hengstenberg contributed anything to the further elucidation or development of this difficult problem, for which the times of the Reformation foresaw new and great agitations? He has not laid a finger to the work. How, then, can he feel the difficulties in the case, which still exist? In his position, instead of exegetical inquiry and dogmatic or speculative thought, he only needs a subjective act of the will, to submit himself to the Church, to believe what the Church believes, and thus one is above all difficulties without examination, and has in the statutes of the Church the standard for the interpretation of the Scriptures, and is now qualified to sit in judgment over every man. Is this Evangelical adoption of the doctrines? So far from it, that, if the Church taught differently from what she does, this act of the will, which is thought piety, could still remain entirely the same.”

Contemporaneous with these documents, though not like them occasioned by the Memorial, was another pamphlet from an anonymous Lutheran, entitled “Signature of the most Modern Endeavors of Unionistic Theologians,” (Frankfort, 1854,) which severely criticised two reviews of Dr. Lücke. The author cannot deny that he is an “estimable and learned man,” but he accuses of apostasy and applies Matt. vi. 1, 2, 5, to Dr. Nitzsch, who, by birth a Lutheran, has risen to high office under the Union. Dr. Nitzsch had said, “Neither the divine and moral right nor the historical vital power of the church is to be estimated according to the more or less of its symbolical doctrine, and this deficiency, namely, the want of a definite creed, can be richly compensated by other qualities”; to which Dr. Lücke add-

sion in the discussion of this question; but I shall be permitted to express my opinion openly, and to defend it. The proud contempt and setting aside of Schleiermacher's criticism by the so-called speculative and conservative men, I can consider neither as just nor without danger.” On page 68 he adds: “This brief apologetical epilogue will be sufficient for the respected author with whom I have here immediately to do, to prevent, in the possible future discussions (to which I would gladly stimulate) misunderstandings and misinterpretations with him and all sensible theologians, who know that the dispute here is upon a yet open question. For those unintelligent, zealous people of the times, who in everything wish to have what is fixed and ecclesiastically infallible, all justification is fruitless.”

ed, "Every creed is more or less the product of an exigency in the Church, and indicates the same," and both agreed, "that the Church struggling with its imperfections advances towards perfection with every true and living church confession, which is, however, different from a theological school confession, that is always an anomaly." These sentiments were naturally displeasing to this author, who had lamented that the clergymen of Baden and Nassau were not bound to the creed, and who declared:—

"The invisible Church does not have the fetters of Scripture, and for the visible Church these are insufficient, since the subjectivity of the inquirer and reader darkens and perverts the concordance of the Scriptures. It is not well in a time of discords unnecessarily and from a one-sided zeal to widen the gulf which separates us from our Catholic brothers in the faith. The lax principles of the Union with regard to confession of sin and the regulations of the church, which directly contradict articles 11 and 15 of the Augustana, have loosened the bond between clergy and people, reduced the former from guardians of souls to mere preachers, and gradually alienated the shepherds from their flocks."

Lücke had asserted:—

"In the exact determination of the Christian mysteries there are questions which with right can be answered differently in one and the same theological school, with the same conscientious conviction as to the fundamentals of faith. Who does not know this? They only are ignorant of and deny it, who have never thoroughly studied a theological question, and who merely accept the settled results of this or that person from this or that time, and allow themselves to be immured within them."

This writer, on the contrary, maintains that

"Whoever allows himself to be determined in matters of faith by 'exegetical and dogmatical reasons,' belongs to a school, but not to a church, not to a vital, fruitful society in life or in the Church. A 'free evangelical church' does not exist, at least no legal rights can be allowed to it, if we will not run into the danger of falling into the company of Dorviat, Ronge, Dulon, Wislicenus, etc., and of being treated simply as opposers of the Catholic Church, which rests on a positive basis. When the question is asked, if theologians must teach 'what conflicts with their conscience as bound by the word of God,' the answer is, that in the Church which they acknowledge and in which they

are ordained, they must teach and preach what the Church prescribes, to which they have bound themselves by oath, without any having compelled them to it. When Nitzsch and Lücke claim 'the primitive right of all in their churches,' the right of Luther and Calvin, 'to teach what they have conscientiously learned from the word of God,' this right must be decidedly denied to the ordained clergy, if the churches are not to be sacrificed to their arbitrary opinions and degree of culture, to their grade of theological learning, and to the nature of their faith at this epoch of their life. When they themselves confess, 'that much in the mysterious doctrines they regard as systematically incomprehensible,' and that 'for what is capable of being systematically determined for the Church, they consider the present time not yet fully ripe, but will reserve the final decision to the future of the Church, or rather to God's holy spirit of truth in the Church,' they must keep away at least from the service of the altar and the pulpit, and in my opinion also from the *cathe-dra* of a Lutheran university; then, confounding the spirit of God with God the Holy Spirit, and the visible Church with the invisible kingdom of God, like the Jews for their Messias, they may await the period when they will stand so well as the faithful champions of the Lutheran Church before the judgment, which the Lord will come with many thousand saints to hold over all. (Jude 14, 15; Matt. xxv. 31.) It is to be noted that even Nitzsch, Müller, and Lücke, as decided Unionists, endeavor to represent the difference between Luther and Calvin as being as small as possible, and at the same time as approximating as near as possible to the view of the Lutheran Church; from which it follows that they lean to that, with its present legal Confession. We will regard this as a favorable omen, and the present excitement which undeniably pervades the articles of Lücke, as the last struggle and the period of transition to the breaking through into the full truth of the Lutheran Church."

Although so many voices were raised against the Faculty, two only were heard in its defence, Dr. Hermann, Professor of Law in Göttingen, vindicating it from a juridical, and Julius Müller of Halle, from a theological, point of view. The former says: "Condemnation of the errors of the Reformed as being the same as those of the Catholics, renunciation of all church fellowship with them, dissolution of the ecclesiastical bonds by which the two have been united in the same established Church, entire separation from them as from Catholics, blotting out the name of the Evangelical Church,—this is to be the criterion of Lutheranism, this alone shall be called

fidelity to the creed, and reverence for historical rights." Since the article of the latter, with extracts from the Memorial, as well as a previous disquisition from Krause,—the two representing the right and left wings of the school of Schleiermacher upon this question,—have been already translated by us,* we may pass at once to the apology of the Faculty itself, which was published on the 27th of November, under the title, "Explanation of the Theological Faculty in Göttingen respecting their Memorial 'Upon the Present Crisis in the Church.'" (Göttingen, 1854, pp. 99.) After paying a very beautiful and just tribute to Gieseler, it examines in a very dignified manner the arguments of all its opponents, with the exception alone of Hengstenberg, remarking that it shall leave to others "the tone of scornful arrogance which has been heard, especially from one quarter." It shows that this movement had been previously termed by one of their own journals "Lutheran Judaism," and proves that the original design of the University, as expressed by its first curator, Baron Münchhausen, was, "that neither shall such theologians be called to Göttingen as maintain an Evangelical papacy, force their system upon others, accuse of heresy those who do not think exactly as they do upon certain questions which do not concern the foundations of faith, and who consider liberty of conscience and toleration insufferable."

The Faculty then proceeds to define the relation of its members to the creed, and to insist strongly on the need of theological science. "Only where the Church has been driven from its world-historical position by outward force or by its own fault, has theological science been despised as unnecessary. The Bible, speaking in foreign idioms and originating under peculiar historical circumstances distant from us, demands the scientific labor of theology, its hermeneutics and exegesis, to lay the ground; and these, faithfully searching for the immediate sense, and impartially establishing the historical connection, exhibit the ever-present fulness of the eternal life, which lives in the Bible." The Scriptures must not be forced to be the mere echo of the confession, and the

* See the *Christian Examiner* for February, 1855, and the *Monthly Religious Magazine* for March, 1854.

difference must be recognized between what is transient and permanent in the latter, though it is very difficult to draw the line between the substance and form. Hence the fact, that what to one is only an accidental form of theological demonstration, to another belongs to the essence of the creed, upon which he hangs with all his conscience. No fixed standard has been found, and no deciding law can be established in advance, for the application of the admitted principle. Hence there is a history of theology; a theological movement, which encourages us to anticipate from the honorably conducted strife of conviction the victory of the truth. The necessity of a revision of some articles is conceded; but the line cannot be drawn between subordinate and principal doctrines, unless we believe that both are so closely connected in the creed, that the mere questioning of the former endangers also the permanency of the latter. Experience, moreover, proves that this revision has been applied to the most important doctrines, and is calculated to alter the whole structure of the creed. The opponents admit the necessity of a further development of the confession, and they take the liberty to amend its forms and to modify its contents; but they condemn others who avail themselves of the same Christian freedom, and profess themselves to be *κατ' ἐξοχήν* true to the creed.

"With regard to our own position, we must leave others to judge from what reasons any differences of our Faculty from the doctrines of faith formularized in the Confession are to be explained. The formula has not yet been found, it has been said, in which the need of the Church, which is sure of its possession of salvation, has been reconciled with the claims of science for free inquiry. But this formula never will be found, for here no formula can be of service, either scientific or ecclesiastical."

In defining, secondly, their relation to the Church, they speak of the undervaluing by these partisans of that Christian feeling which seeks the eternal welfare of men, and their overvaluing the outward visible form of the Church, and the position and importance of the pastoral office. "This view overlooks the fact, that the Apostolic Church received its entire impress from the belief in the near coming of Christ, and that it can be understood in its peculiar typical character only from living in this be-

lief." Kirchlichkeit is but the form of Christlichkeit, and the Faculty is not ashamed of endeavoring to lead only to Christianity.

"Is it then so easy and trifling a matter, this leading to Christianity, considering the poor support, and even hinderances, which are in various ways occasioned in our days by the want of household discipline and piety? We know how easily church people come to the opinion that they alone stand on the real ground of the Church, and that those who are laboring for the advancement of science are only seekers, unsettled, and wavering between the idea and its expression. But no prejudice and no condemnation will rob us of the conviction whose office it is to educate the ministers of the Church,—that it is not enough simply to point to a fixed form of the same, and mechanically transmit it, but that it is necessary to carry back the mind of the future teacher and pastor from its present form to its foundation, to its origin in the power of the Holy Spirit and of faith."

After alluding to the disfavor which the appeal in behalf of Home Missions had found in the camp of the Lutherans, the Faculty proceeds to advocate a spirit of union among Christians.

"In this feeling of union, which is also Christian feeling, the view is indeed extended over the whole of Christendom; not the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches only must be included by it, but the Roman Catholic, the Greek Orthodox, and every society which calls on the name of God and Christ. It is this union feeling which must be kept, if the acknowledgment of the universal Christian Church in the Apostles' Creed shall not become upon our lips falsehood and hypocrisy." *

* The words of Frederika Bremer in her Letters from America, which have been recently translated from the Swedish into German, stand in still greater contrast to the general denunciation of our sects, than the sentiments above quoted:—"All Christian sects acknowledge the same God, the same Divine Mediator and Teacher, the same duties, the same love, the same eternal hope. The different churches are different families, proceeding from the same Father, and leading to the blissful mansions in the Father's eternal house. Each has its special mission to fulfil in the kingdom of thought. God has given to men different powers of understanding. Hence arise the unequal modes of viewing and expressing truth. By this the truth gains, in its all-sidedness and entireness. And the great discussion of the highest subjects, which here goes through the different churches and their representatives in the press, is exceedingly important for the development of the religious understanding of the people. It must also lead to increasing insight into the essential points of equality of all Christian confessions, and into the positive in Christianity, and gradually pave the way for a church of universal character, and also for unity of doctrine."

It advocates here a unity "not of doctrine or church government, but of spirit," and warns that church which will isolate itself from the rest, and bury its talent in the earth, to take care that the truth which it has be not taken away.

"In view of all the historical and doctrinal problems which here arise, how can any wish to shut themselves up in the impenetrable security of dogmatic prescription? So long as there is no one, even among the strictest Lutherans, who has earnestly studied the questions here pending, who does not admit that in their present forms they are unclear and imperfect, so long will it be a duty to resume from time to time historic and scientific criticism. That such revision is needed, is proved by the fact that it exists. When critical investigations and historico-genetic researches upon the Church, the Lord's Supper, and the like, are undertaken among us, is it not thereby conceded — altogether independently of their results — that there are questions yet unsettled to be decided, and points to be fixed, by which a movement which has been restricted may be set free, and the way prepared for new and richer development?"

Our age is not called, they say, to make a new creed, though not because the collection of confessions has been closed.

"Not the time of confession, but of deaconship, has dawned upon us. The more the preaching of the Gospel penetrates among the people, the more it is embodied in the catechism and its teaching, in worship and its exercise, in the ordinances of the Church and their administration, and, supported by church-members, becomes a discipline for the people; in one word, the more the present confession shall bear fruit in life, the more will the seed of a new confession grow from this fruit. For creeds are not made, they are given as the reward of practical confession, and an incentive to it. What is also needed is impartial historical discussion of the strictly theological, and especially the confessional questions."

Therefore do they oppose a New Lutheranism which maintains that every doctrine is untrue which contradicts the old tradition.

"There is an egotism of confessions, as well as of nationalities. The one obscures the idea of mankind by making it identical with that of a nation; the other impairs the nature of the church by making confession and church absolutely the same.

Not with phantoms does the Memorial contend ; for it is no phantom, that a value begins to be laid upon an outward and dead orthodoxy. It is no phantom, but a too palpable phenomenon, which the Faculty has had more than one occasion to notice, that some people begin to talk very loud about the ordinances of the Church, and less of the salvation of souls, and that personal service and disinterested self-sacrifice fall too far behind the work of official labor. Mindful of the Divine word, that judgment should begin at the house of God, the Faculty reckons also sifting criticism to true love to the Church. An enthusiasm without understanding, a love without examination and discrimination, become untruth and hypocrisy."

Though the Christian name has been denied to some of its members, and though it has been threatened with dismissal from the University, it declares that it will still continue to oppose every one-sidedness, every overvaluing of what is merely external. "In the consciousness of this task and in the work of its fulfilment, the Faculty cannot allow itself to be disturbed by the obvious remark, that a variety of theological gifts and tendencies appears in its members. The entire history of theological science shows that this cannot be otherwise, and it is scarcely otherwise in any Theological Faculty in Germany." Herewith it declares the controversy on its side as at an end, and that it leaves to its individual members, if it shall be necessary, the more particular defence of its principles in detail.

The manner in which the Lutherans have conducted this whole controversy corroborates what has been already said of their character. Their opposition to the doctrines of the Unionists and the Reformed has been often based upon misconception and ignorance. The sermon of a preacher in Schlesien upon the Sacrament, revealed, after it was printed, that the stern Lutheran was in fact a genuine Calvinist. As a chapter upon the Lord's Supper was read before the Lutheran presbyters of Halle and Naumburg, they exclaimed, "That is what we want, the good old doctrine ; will we not stake property and life for it ?" — but when afterwards it was proved to be a translation from Calvin's Institutes, they could not repress their indignation at the godless Unionists who had deceived them. Such pastors meet in conferences to dictate to the professors, and pass resolutions

which appear to reverse the language of the Apostles, and say, "It seemed good to us and to the Holy Spirit." Not inaptly has the motto from Platen's poem on the frogs in the marsh been applied to them, *Coaxo, ergo sum*. In affirming continually that the Union is defunct, they have been likened to that ship's physician, who pronounced a passenger to be dead that came to life again as he was about to be lowered into the deep; and as he cried out, "I still live," the doctor, with all gravity replied, "Rogue, do you pretend to know better than I?" Their deficiency in knowledge is supplied by denunciation. One of them rejoices that the Lutheran Church has found in Kahnis a champion who fights not as one that beateth the air; and he justifies his bitterness against Nitzsch by the command of Christ, "Have salt in yourselves," adding, by way of explanation, that it is the nature of salt to bite! Rudelbach begins his review of Professor Müller's Sermons with the remark, "One thing the writer wants, which is essential above all else for a Christian preacher, and that is, Christian experience," — a novel charge to bring against the author of the *Christian Doctrine of Sin*! The Union has even been called *the church of Judas*; its General Assembly, *a synod of robbers*, where Nitzsch and Müller won bloody laurels, and the members of which were possessed with the Devil. Ströbel asks Stier and his confederates, —

"Have you not understood the history of Christ's passion and resurrection? Your predecessors, the Rationalists, crucified and killed him; then you came with the Union, laid him in the grave, rolled a heavy stone upon it, sealed it, set police and military enough before it — and went away, firmly convinced that the corpse would moulder in the grave. But what happened? The seven thousand who had never bowed the knee to your Baal prayed without ceasing; and lo! Christ broke through stone, seal, and watch; he has arisen and frustrated the craftiness of his enemies. Is not this very vexatious and disagreeable to the Union men? Yes, indeed. If he had only at least have slipped quietly away! But he will prove that he is alive, as a hero who keeps the victory. What now will you do? say 'while we slept'? (Matt. 28.) You have tried in this way again to suffocate Christ. Why remonstrate with us? The risen Saviour and his spirit draw the fatal stroke through your cunning reckoning."

Such is the history of the resurrection of the Lutheran

Christ, which recalls indeed the words, "If any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not." The assertion of Luther, which his pseudo-disciples often cite against the Unionists, "You have a different spirit from ours," is more true than they are themselves aware; for they certainly lack the mild spirit of Melancthon, and would hardly recognize the principle, "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in both charity." In contrast with this animosity and hate, we now see the advantages even of the indifference which has prevailed since the middle of the last century. It contributed at least to wean men from their old bigotry and pride, and by destroying the mutual jealousy between the churches, and withdrawing the attention from the points wherein they disagreed, it enabled them to see and to appreciate what they had in common. These reformists, however, are so much more Lutheran than Luther,* that they would not tolerate his ridicule of Catholicism; and Kahn's doctrine of the Sacrament is so "pure," that he finds fault with Luther for making the word the main thing and not the fact, and thinks that he never correctly distinguished between what the communion is and what it should be. Dr. Schenkel justly remarks, that this restoration, with its attempts to re-establish the legal institutions of the Church, owes its origin, "not to a divine awakening of faith, but to a human weakness of faith, and what comes from weakness will not work as the power of God." Such persons, therefore, in our community as are rejoicing over the revival of Orthodoxy in Germany, would perhaps do well to inquire first into its character, that they may not resemble those who were so lately triumphing over the Christianity of the Chinese.

The question of the Union, around which the present conflict gathers, is very complicated and difficult, on ac-

* Among the books designed to magnify the "office" in the Church, we notice one entitled "The Office of the Sexton, Directions how to value it rightly and discharge it worthily." And this the People's Paper for City and Country recommends "with real joy of heart, believing it to be the only work of its kind, and that from it the sexton may obtain true respect for his office, since he has probably never known before how great, important, and many-sided it is, and how much reflection it requires"; and it adds, what is doubtless true, that, upon reading it, "we seem to be removed into another age."

count of the mixture of truth and error in the opposite parties. The Lutherans allege that it arose in an age of religious indifference, that it was then introduced by force, and substituted in the place of the two old churches, which were set aside by the police. Its theology, they say, is indefinite, it has neither creed nor catechism, and its articles of belief were published in the year Naught by Nemo in Utopia. The essential mysteries of the faith, the *necessaria*, it has reduced to *adiaphora*; but there are no indifferent matters in religion, and these are the peculiar characteristics of their Church, they are commanded to be faithful in that which is least, and therefore they prefer the name Lutheran to Evangelical, which is a common term of designation for all Christians. When the Augsburg Confession is claimed for the Union, they ask how it happens that a creed which has always been regarded as peculiarly Lutheran has recently been discovered to teach the doctrines of the Unionists. They declare that it is impossible truly to unite confessions which are so fundamentally at variance, and that it is a Sisyphus labor to attempt to harmonize them. The questions, whether regeneration is imparted by baptism or not, whether grace is resistible or irresistible, whether the communicant receives in the sacrament mere bread and wine or the body and blood of Christ, are by no means subordinate, and should not be considered as of inferior consequence. As Catholics exclude Evangelicals from their communion, so they refuse the right hand of fellowship to the Reformed, for nothing can be a duty of love which contradicts the duty of faith. The liturgy of the United Church, they affirm, was formed chiefly under Calvinistic influences, and one clergyman said that his conscience would not permit him even to open the "Agende" in a Lutheran sacristy. In short, they regard the Union as a great crucible, in which the distinctive doctrines of both confessions have been entirely dissolved. It was, too, the product only of this century, and yet the son of the bondwoman presumes to inherit with the son of the free! Against it, they appeal to their ancient legal rights; they want no Church of the future, but one of the past; they take their Christianity from the Church, and not merely from the Bible, and hence they will revive the old statutes and the creeds. They will not join

together what God has put asunder, and they proclaim their war against the Union to be one of life and death.

The Unionists argue, on the other hand, that the two churches should be united, because both sprung from the same source in the Reformation, and because the differences of the Confessions are not greater than the disagreement of Peter and Paul as to circumcision, or of Paul and James as to justification. They do not defend the mode in which the Union was originally established, and they admit that the exclusive patronage of it by its founder has been the principal cause of the present crisis. But they contend that the Reformation was attended with similar bad consequences, that the Union has existed legally in Prussia for nearly forty years, and that especially it should be continued now, for the sake of presenting an unbroken front to Catholicism and infidelity. They deny that it destroys either of the old Confessions, or that it introduces a new one by their side; on the contrary, it will allow each to stand and develop itself independently, insisting only that the points of difference are not fundamental, and that they are far outnumbered by those of agreement. In answer to the charges, that the Union did not exist before 1817, that its theology is indefinite, that it has no creed, and that its members differ among themselves, — the very same which have been brought against Unitarians, — they appeal at once to the apostolic times. They are right in maintaining that the *dissensus* of the Confessions is much inferior to their *consensus*, that the doctrines of the former are not necessary to salvation, and that both creeds need further development; but while insisting, in Prussia, on a union in doctrine as well as in church government and *cultus*, they favor, with regard to the Lord's Supper, the mystical theory of Calvin to the exclusion of that of Zuingli. They have also become more liberal since their adversaries have increased, yet they still rely on force to support their established Church;* they talk of the "divine right" of the

* The New York Independent of January 4, 1855, in a notice of Ledderhose's *Life of Melancthon*, utters the following heresy, which would cause the paper to be confiscated in Germany: — "An American author would have been tempted to represent the Reformers as champions of religious liberty. But this author, being a German, of the pietistic school, as it is called in Germany, and therefore, like Tholuck and Hengstenberg, a devout

Evangelical Union, and love to place themselves between the Catholics on the one side, and the sects on the other. They speak indeed, at times, of a union of all believers, but in practice they limit it to the Lutherans and the Reformed; they advocate a union of confessions rather than of Christians, and we do not read upon their banner the broad doctrine, "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The Lutherans, on the contrary, declare that the state has no right to regulate worship, nor a worldly government to rule the Church of Christ, and they have themselves experienced the inconveniences of a state church; but, after having been looked down upon as a sect, they now announce themselves the only true Church, — a strange pretension for a fragment of the Protestant Church to make, whether Lutheran or Episcopal, — they discourse of the undivided unity of the primitive Church, as though in the apostolic age there were not followers of Paul, of Apollos, of Cephas, and of Christ, and they profess to constitute the true Union between the Catholics and the Reformed. Their recognition of the Catholics would be more laudable, if they were not inclined to the adoption of their doctrines, and if their justice to them was not accompanied by injustice to others. On the 25th of September of the present year will be celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the Religious Peace of Augsburg, by which equal rights were guaranteed to the Lutheran Confession. This well deserves commemoration as a great victory of Protestantism; but is there not cause also for lamentation, that since that period so little has been won for religious freedom in Germany? The Lutherans themselves, indeed, have had cause to complain of persecution; but if they had had the supreme power, or should now attain it, there would be still less liberty of conscience. The Union has at least encouraged theological science, broken

believer in the king of Prussia, and in the right of the state to legislate on matters of religion, is under no such temptation. Accordingly, he shows very frankly how Luther, Melancthon, and their associates, taught that 'all government is bound before God to *abolish* and *forbid* false doctrine and false worship.' All Protestants ought to know and remember this historic fact. The Reformers did not hold forth, nor did they understand at all, the doctrine of religious liberty, and therefore it was that the Reformation as conducted by them, and as left by them in the hands of the civil power, was to so great an extent a failure."

down the wall of partition between the churches, and done much to promote a spirit of liberality; and though its existence is attended with many evils, its dissolution would be the occasion of far more.

Notwithstanding that the theologians of the right wing of the middle school have proved themselves greatly superior to their antagonists in ability, in learning, and in comprehensiveness of view, the axe was not laid at the root of the evil. The Lutherans maintain that the Reformation was completed, not at the death of Luther, but at the construction of the *Concordienformel* in 1580, for which Calvinists substitute the *Heidelberg Catechism* or the *Westminster Confession*. But it is in the highest degree unprotestant to invest those creeds with binding authority, and it justifies the reproach of the Catholics that the Evangelicals have made of the *Augsburg Confession* a paper Pope. The distinctive character of Protestantism consists quite as much in the principle as in the doctrines of its faith, and no one has any right to arrest its development at a particular age, and to impose its dogmas upon all that follow. As well might we return in penitence to Rome, and prostrate ourselves before his Holiness, who recently forbade his assembled bishops, archbishops, and cardinals to lose themselves in inquiries concerning the Catholic doctrine, enjoining them to hold fast the belief, that whoever has not fled for safety into the ark of the Church will go down in the flood. They who must seek for salvation in the Church, may perhaps stand in need of a tradition; but they who take Christ alone for their Saviour, will also be content with the Bible for their creed. To order us back to the systems of the sixteenth century, moreover, is to declare the progress of science for the last three centuries to have been all in vain. This cannot be asserted of the natural sciences and of philosophy; and if we would not be bound, with regard to the reading and interpretation of a passage in the classics, by the opinion of the most eminent philologist who lived two hundred years ago, shall we be less scrupulous and critical with the Bible, especially since the correct principles of its interpretation are of so recent date? We are the ancients also in respect to Biblical criticism, and as we inherit the wisdom of the Fathers, the Schoolmen, and the Reformers, our facilities

for rightly understanding the Scriptures are better than theirs. But to insure the possibility of coercing minds in 1855, the exegesis must have been arrested in 1755. Besides, those dogmas are held in their entirety by none at the present day. Julius Müller says that not a single theologian of Germany believes all the doctrines of the Lutheran creed, and Alexander Schweizer affirms that we might search long before discovering an old Calvinistic church on the Continent. And, after all, uniformity is secured no better by going back to the creed than to the Bible, and it is a noteworthy fact, that the lowest rationalism sprang up and flourished among men who had been bound by the symbolical books.

These views are so very obvious, that they are admitted even by strict Evangelical theologians. Rudolph Stier has long been considered, from his Scriptural interpretations, his rigid doctrine of inspiration, and his defence of the Old Testament Apocrypha, a chief representative of orthodoxy, and yet he calls on Lutherans and Calvinists to take away from the Catholics the joy of being able to name them the disciples of a man. Membership of the true Church is determined by the *fides qua creditur* which is implanted in the heart and is manifested in the life, and not by the acceptance of any outward *fides quæ creditur*, "even if it be the apostolic system of doctrine itself in perfect expression." History shows that the contention about the so-called "pure doctrine" has rent and almost overthrown the Church, whereas, according to the Gospel, it is not the doctrine, but the life, that is of consequence, and therefore the one only for the other.

"I freely admit that I do not like the co-ordination of the Holy Scriptures and Apostles' Creed, because the former alone are masters in the Church, and hence the uncertain, questionable article of the descent to hell can and must be judged only by them. The Nicene Creed is, in the development, almost the only one of a tolerably apostolical spirit. The 'Symbolum Quicunque,' however, the first word of which truly and objectionably characterizes it, already shows us as a warning, how the one-sided hard language of the schools will force itself unjustifiably and injuriously into the mouth of the Church as the formula of saving faith. In recognizing and accepting the three œcumenical confessions as perfectly equal, the Reformation was still involved in the old deception of the Scholastics. A highly important testimony

against the Athanasian Creed is the fact, that it not only cannot be spoken at the altar before the congregation, but that it has long become unsuitable in itself alone to guide and regulate the theological doctrine of the Trinity. And lastly, let it not be forgotten what church history records of the origin of the second, and still more of this third, œcumenical confession! When the words of the schools, which by no means exhaust the words of Scripture, begin to command with a 'Quicumque vult salvus esse,' and to construct 'catholica fides,' I see a shadow pass already over the visage of the confessing Church. All respect for the Concordienformel as a theological exercise for its times! we can still learn from it. But to swear upon it after centuries as a confession of faith, as the exclusive creed of the only orthodox Church? God forbid! The folly which would make it such has long since been condemned, though fools still arise who will not see it; it is altogether unchurchly, and the dust of the schools comes from it to the heart, instead of the power of the Gospel."

Professor Müller, also, vividly pictures the evils which must result to the churches and to the clergy from insisting on a fidelity to the creed, and adds:—

"A theology which is bound to the Lutheran or Reformed system of doctrine unavoidably has in this an external limit and authority; it may subject itself to it as to an ecclesiastical law, but inasmuch as these doctrines were fully developed to a dogmatical system by the theology of the seventeenth century, it must despair of ever producing anything vital or original. Theology absolutely needs for its existence as a science wider room and freer motion than the principles of this confessionalism can allow it."

The Göttingen theologians, in upholding the claims of science, have proved themselves indeed worthy successors of the great men who have adorned that University, and they have made good the declaration of Napoleon, that "it belongs to no special state, it belongs not to Germany alone, it belongs to all Europe." They could not indeed do otherwise, without sacrificing their own reputation, the position of their Faculty, and the dignity of their profession. The arguments brought against them were similar to those urged by the Catholics against Luther, and stagnation would certainly ensue, if modern science was to be controlled by the opinions of men who had just begun to emancipate themselves from the superstitions of the Dark Ages. The professors rejected, therefore, the principle of believing only so much of their

religion as they could not understand, but they were unwilling to accept the alternative, either science or the creed. From a belief in an established church, they had not taken the position of the Brownists, that every body of Christians united under a pastor constitutes a church, and in answer to the Lutheran assertion of the sanctity of the altar, they had not replied, that the holy place, if anywhere, was rather that occupied by the congregation, according to the promise of the Saviour to be in the midst of those gathered in his name. They professed to be churchly, like the Lutherans, and claimed to be as faithful to the creed as they. They did not distinguish, as some do, between the pastors, who as judges apply the doctrines of the Church, and the professors, who as legislators revive them; but they endeavored to hold fast to science with the one hand, and yet to keep the Confession with the other. This manifestly contradictory situation, of following a free and ever-progressive science while remaining by a fixed and stationary creed, they thought to justify by the pretext, that they simply developed the doctrines of the confession, and thereby conserved at the same time that they're formed. But by this, they do justice neither to the creed which they alter, nor to science which they restrict. They differ greatly from the old formulas, and claim the right to differ more; yet their creed, forsooth, which is very different, is nevertheless the same! *Duo cum-idem dicunt, non est idem.* Their assertion that they hold to the confession in its spirit, is only an excuse for departing from the letter; but as soon as this is done, it loses at once all binding authority, and, its literal signification being abandoned, its interpretation is left to the caprice of every individual. The new wine which was put into those old bottles has burst them, and why should they preserve the leathern skins? It is in vain to try to believe the Gospel, and at the same time to keep the tradition of the elders. No man can serve two masters.

The concessions made by the Faculty in order to conciliate, will probably only stimulate the Lutherans to greater claims. They had insisted that the professors of a University which must educate the future pastors of an established Lutheran Church, should themselves be also Lutheran. With a single exception, however, all of them were Unionists; Lücke, Gieseler, Redepenning,

and Dorner had been called from Prussia, and Ehrenfeuchter from Baden, and they had not changed their confession with their coin on coming into Hanover. The laws were invoked to suppress, as they are in Prussia to uphold, the Union. The Faculty now admit the principle of their opponents, and pretend even to conform to it. They accord to the Lutheran dogmatics “with joyful conviction” the superiority in theological depth, except in the doctrine of the sacrament, and “willingly recognize the special gifts and offices which the Lord has intrusted to this church.” But practically they are non-conformists, they could not stand the test if it should strictly be applied, and, weighed in the balance of the church and of the creed, they would be found wanting. And such is the theological character of the Unionists in general. Their “mediating theology,” as they call it, has only served as a bridge to conduct many back to the old systems of belief, and Gerlach, Hengstenberg, and Kaumer are instances of those who have passed from Calvinism through it to the extreme of Lutheranism. Discovering at length the consequences of preaching a moderate orthodoxy, they now endeavor to check the movement they had encouraged; but the spirits which they have raised abandon them, and they become themselves the victims of the converts they had made.* Untenable as is the position occupied by the Old School, it is nevertheless far more definite and consistent than that adopted by the New. We must either rely upon tradition, and go back to the mother Church, or else must trust to individual conviction. There are some who think that a creed is absolutely indispensable; but Protestantism is no fixed theological system, like Catholicism, and it is distrusting the power of truth to doubt

* Dr. Peterson of Gotha, in the December number of the “Protestant Monthly Leaves,” asks: “Shall the great service rendered by Schleiermacher, and all those theologians after him, who are now so severely attacked by these advocates of what is external, be ungratefully misjudged? Or do you, who by the help of this mediating theology, have arrived safely upon the rocks of the outward forms of the Church, now wish to knock away and destroy the ladders, as if they were no longer necessary? You yourselves greatly lament the apostasy from the Church; but how shall they be helped, who still stand far from it? In no other way, probably, than you were, by the ladder of the mediating theology; or do you think that you will succeed better, if you pull up the people by the hair on to the rock of the Church?”

the expediency of leaving the Bible freely open to inquiring minds. Statements of belief may indeed be necessary for a church, but these can be published by its leading members, and should never have the force of a *regula fidei*. Since from time to time the proposition has been rendered, that we should at length publicly adopt a confession, and thus abandon the ground on which we have always stood as a denomination, we cannot forbear subjoining the opinions of so great an authority as Schleiermacher on this subject, from which also it can be seen how much less consistent the Unionists are than the master whom they profess to follow.

In his letter to Dr. Von Cölln and Dr. Schulz, in 1831, he wrote :—

“ With the greatest astonishment I have lately read in an article of an academic theologian, that it is the fundamental character of Protestantism to base itself upon unchangeable written foundations, and especially to place the clergy under the law of an inviolable church constitution. It seems to me, in truth, as if I was suddenly enveloped in darkness, and obliged to go to the door, to come out into the free light. And certainly so will many feel who are as little rationalistic as I. If, instead of the noble principle of freedom, that no assembly has the right to establish articles of faith, this other doctrine should be adopted, I would rather be in a church fellowship which allows free inquiry and peaceful controversy, with all rationalists, if they only admit a confession of Christ and from conviction continue to call themselves Christians, and even with those whose forms of doctrine I have most positively spoken against, than be shut up with those others in an intrenchment made by the rigid letter.”

In his work on “ Christian Morals,” he says :—

“ At the time of the Reformation there was good reason for representing faithfully the doctrine as it then was, in order to oppose public calumnies, and with no other intent were our symbolical books composed. But whoever should now desire symbolical books, could desire them only as an authentic explanation of the Scriptures, and as such they are unevangelical.”

In his essay “ On the Binding Authority of the Symbolical Books,” he recommends that every pastor be required to declare his assent to the creeds, so far as they oppose Catholicism, adding : “ In such an obligation, however, it is not at all implied that the positive statements of those doctrines are not capable of improve-

ment, or that they must be always delivered in the same words; it only refers to the particular opposition to the Romish theory and practice."

In the Preface to his "Sermons on the Augsburg Confession," he thus speaks:—

"Often have I heard the question thrown out, whether a written confession was not necessary for the United Church, and with all my strength I have always striven against it, because, however comprehensive it may be made, and however little it may contain, I was always anxious for our well-earned freedom. If a time comes when our clergymen think alike to a more satisfactory degree, they will then also teach alike; and if this is the case already, who should feel the want of a written creed, however conclusive and excellent it might be? For the unanimity will manifest itself far more richly, and in a far more delightful and living manner, when it is seen overruling the individual differences in the various forms of the doctrine itself; whereas the regularly measured and ever-permanent letter of a creed makes only a dry impression."

In his essay on "Synodal Forms of Government," he says:—

"A theologian becomes ripe only by doubt and conflict; that is an old, true, and glorious word. These doubts arise spontaneously in a theology which is influenced by all the scientific investigations of the times, (such as our Protestant theology, thank God, is and ever must be,) and therefore nothing is more desirable than that every opinion should be uttered with all the acuteness and exactness of which it is capable, and that too before the theological youth just in those years of the most living interest, if only it is done seriously and faithfully, by serious, conscientious, and truth-loving men. These truths, to be sure, are well known, and oft repeated, but it seems more necessary now than ever that they should be very often and frankly reiterated, and hence I could not withhold here the confession, that, according to my conviction, Protestant synods would act unconscientiously, if they allowed themselves in any way to be used as tools to restrict the freedom of public theological discussion through the press and from the *cathedra*, a freedom which the Protestant Church cannot do without. When I think that our future synods will attempt to settle by conversations the great controversy between rationalism and supernaturalism, and between mysticism and moral religion, and what is connected with them as subordinate and secondary, I am so afflicted, that I would prefer at any cost, if the law only allowed, to withdraw from such fruitless undertakings."

Lastly, in his "Practical Theology," he declares :—

"It is sometimes said after a controversy, that now is the time to establish a new creed, in order that every one may see what has resulted from it. I maintain that this cannot in the least help us, but will only injure us. Does unanimity exist, we need no creed; for it exists and manifests itself ever anew in the most various forms, and we delight in it far more than when it is expressed in letters. The fact is, *a creed is either injurious or unnecessary*. When a time comes in which it can be used, it becomes injurious; and when the time has come when it can stand without being injurious, it is not necessary; and there is no other alternative in the Evangelical Church besides these two. It is altogether false when people think to be able to create anything in the Evangelical Church by means of the letter. As soon as I observe anything of the kind, I fancy that I am in the Catholic Church, where people say, I believe all that the Holy Church commands: the only difference is, that the authentic dogma is defined somewhat differently, but the true Evangelical spirit is gone, and the Evangelical Church is petrified as hard as the Catholic. The Augsburg Confession is only a statement of what was taught and was to be taught at that time, in order to refute exaggerated misrepresentations. To regard it as binding for all times, is the greatest absurdity that can be conceived of. The Evangelical Church remains Evangelical, only when it takes for granted that its doctrines may be changed by the Biblical exegesis."

The contest of principles daily becomes warmer, and absorbs more and more the public interest. It already forms the chief topic of discussion in all the religious journals, furnishes the subject of debate for the pastoral conferences, and even constitutes the theme of the sermons. Dr. Schenkel has recently published an elaborate work in defence of the Union, Stier has issued a defence of his Un-Lutheran Theses, and Professor Braniss vindicated against Stahl the dignity of philosophy.* The agitation has become so extensive and so radical, assailing the position of pastors, teachers, and professors,

* "The Union Calling of Evangelical Protestantism, demonstrated from the Unity of its Principles, the Separation of its Confessions, and its Historical Development, by Dr. Daniel Schenkel, Ordinary Professor of Theology and First University Preacher in Heidelberg." Heidelberg, 1855. pp. 662.

"Defence of the Un-Lutheran Theses, by Rudolph Stier." Brunswick, 1855. pp. 50.

"The Dignity of Philosophy and its Rights in the Life of the Times. Oration on entering upon the Rectorship, by C. J. Braniss." Berlin, 1854. pp. 30.

denying the right of existence to natural science and to philosophy, unless they enter into the service of the Church, and undermining the foundations of the Union, that it assumes almost a national character, and begins to attract the attention of statesmen and jurists, as well as of theologians. The arguments of these zealous defenders of the truth, however, are far more calculated to retard than to advance its progress. Thus Rudolph Wagner, in an address delivered before the thirty-first meeting of the German natural philosophers and physicians in Göttingen, declared: "More and more have materialistic views gained ground among natural philosophers, and especially physiologists, more and more is faith in a substantial soul disappearing, and those who know how to read the signs of the times perceive that the attempt to resolve psychology into natural science will probably be the task of the nearest future." Yet he thinks to silence the materialists, not by scientific reasoning, but in *majorem Dei gloriam*, with the dogmatic assertion, "There can be no doubt that all historical Christianity, in its deep connection with the creation of man, stands or falls with the affirmation or denial of the doctrines, that all men are descended from one pair, and are created after one original type, and the simplest, plainest Bible faith is destroyed just as much as the entire structure of the doctrinal system of our Church, and our scientific theology is deprived of its basis, so far as it feels itself one with the Church," — thus making the existence of Christianity dependent upon the literal interpretation of the narrative of Adam and Eve, (which even the Catholic Gobineau refuses to do,) and afterwards establishing a theory of a divisible substance of the soul, which goes even beyond Tertullian. Hengstenberg also argues against the modern view of inspiration, which rejects the verbal theory. "It is in manifest and direct contradiction to the word of the Lord, that the Scripture cannot be broken and contains infallible truth; it is contrary to his example, since he opposed to Satan 'It is written' as a firm and impenetrable shield; it is against the utterance of holy Paul, that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is therefore profitable, &c.; and of holy Peter, according to whom the holy men of God spoke as they

were moved by the Holy Spirit." The arguments brought against philosophy we reserve for consideration in another place; but the position and the principles of the three parties in theology are, perhaps, best illustrated by the introductory articles of their journals at the commencement of the present year.

The Evangelical Church Gazette first condemns the "unchristian" alliance of England with France, quoting Deut. vii. 2, 4, against it. "Even so suspicious at least is the second ally of England, Turkey. It is a disgrace that Christians unite with Turks against Christians. 'No Christian, the friend of God,' says Luther, 'can be in the Turks' army, since he would deny Christ and be the enemy of God and his saints; but they are all the Devil's own, and possessed with the Devil, as Mahomet and the Turkish Emperor himself.' From what is here said of those who fight under the Turks, it can easily be conjectured how Luther would judge of those who fight with the 'Turks.'" The editor then collects in a note, from Luther's different writings, his invectives against the Turks: "They are 'populus iræ Dei,' — the Turk is in truth nothing else than a real murderer and street-robber." And Dr. Hengstenberg then adds: "The Turk is still the same, with the single difference that the lion has grown old and his teeth have fallen out. But to make up for this his bestiality has even increased. — Russia's Emperor and people are inspired with a deep interest for the brethren of the faith who are pining under the Turkish yoke. For Russia it is a crusade, a holy war.* England, on the other hand, has

* Somewhat different is the opinion of Professor Schaff: "Where is the European power which in the present Oriental conflict has put the interests of Christianity in the foreground, or allowed them a predominating influence over the political ones? One indeed seems to elevate the banner of the cross against the crescent, but only seems so; and, after all, it is only the Greek cross, which is no longer a blooming tree of life, as in the days of the apostles, martyrs, and fathers of the Church, but has become a dead idol and despotic sword, and will tolerate beside it neither the Latin crucifix, nor the Evangelical preaching of the Crucified." Hase, too, remarks: "The orthodox Emperor preaches a holy war, and the Journal of the Cross takes offence at an Antichristian alliance with the Turks; but who, that is not a fool or a hypocrite, doubts that the simple object is the inheritance of the sick man in Constantinople, the possession of that which is again to be the capital of the world, and a policy which is bent on continuing the predominance of an empire which but recently has struck deep wounds into the Protestant, as well as the Catholic Church."

coldly abandoned the fate of its fellow-Christians; it has too little catholic spirit, to recognize in them its brethren. It has helped to suppress their insurrection, and to lay the hard yoke of the Sultan again upon their necks. What it is doing to improve their condition has proceeded only from the original impulses given by Russia. Russia has followed in an elevated manner, during the whole war, the original Christian doctrine, 'Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.' It has on every occasion spoken with the Psalmist (Ps. xlv. 7). It has carried the word of the prophet in its heart, 'Blessed is the man who trusteth in the Lord, and maketh the Lord his confidence.' France's edicts and reports, on the contrary, are full of vain boasting and vaunting, and the Lord of hosts is scarcely ever thought of in them. In England, indeed, many hands are raised in prayer to the Lord, and it has also kept a fast day by public authority; but in its public reports and decrees, the name of the Lord is thought of only incidentally and as if by stealth. It seems as if it were afraid to give the honor to its Creator, and to put itself on the rock foundation of the Christian faith. Finally, those who stand firmly on the ground of Rom. xiii. cannot wish that Russia, in whom they see a bulwark against the floods of revolution in opposition to the government which is by the grace of God, shall go forth weakened out of this war. That France, whose government rests on the loose foundation of the sovereignty of the people,* and has nothing else to oppose to revolution than physical force, is not suited to supply its place, is clear. And how little England can do so, that has never recovered from the shock which the Scriptural principles of government experienced from the revolution, is manifest from the fact, that in one of its conservative journals, Blackwood's Magazine, the July number, the subjects of the king of Prussia are openly called upon to rise

* The New Prussian Gazette of January 31, 1855, said: "The people of Prussia do not make the policy of Prussia. No, God be thanked, we are not yet come to this, that the people of Prussia make politics, and that its government allows a war to be forced upon it by the wild roarings of popular assemblies, by the bawlings of drunken beer-drinkers, and by a venal press." Two days afterwards the New Halle Gazette exclaimed: "God be praised, that we have escaped from the constitutional humbug, and have come again to commit to our king more power than to the Chambers, and to regard his ministers as responsible chiefly to him, and not to the wavering, uncertain majority of a Chamber."

against their king, and not to suffer 'their country to be degraded to a satellite of Russia, merely because its empress happens to be the sister of the king.' That surely is to violate the first commandment of the law which has the promise, 'Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'"

With reference to the new Catholic dogma, Dr. Hengstenberg says: "Were we absolute enemies of the Catholic Church, we should rejoice over a measure, by which, as we believe, a deep wound has been inflicted upon it. But as we must see in it a part of the universal Church of Jesus Christ, so long as it stands on the basis of the three confessions of Christendom on earth, we can only be deeply afflicted by it, remembering that, when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it." He then makes an attack upon Dr. Hupfeld, as disreputable as that he once made upon his predecessor, Dr. Gesenius, because in his "Sources of Genesis," which was originally published in Nitzsch's and Müller's Periodical, he declares the old theory of inspiration to be incompatible with science, and thinks that the story of the tower of Babel was a myth. "And this book stood originally in a paper which professes to be the organ of a believing theology, and its publishers have taken a share of responsibility for it! According to this, yes and no seems to be not bad, but good theology. It is no better in Halle than in Göttingen." He then denounces Ewald for his humanitarian views of Jesus, in the last volume of his History of the People of Israel, which is entitled "History of Christ and his Times," and which well deserves the attention of our readers. The religious editor remarks: "The old serpent spake, 'Ye shall be as gods,' and Ewald repeats it after him, unmindful of the warning of the Apostle, 2 Cor. xi. 3." Our Aristarchus next makes an assault upon the licentiate of theology, Riehm, because, in accordance with the great majority of modern scholars, he does not accept the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy simply because its title says it is the Fifth Book of Moses. "A young vicar begins his course with an attack upon the genuineness of a book, from which the Lord in Matt. iv. thrice drew his weapons against the attacks of Satan, thereby ordering his Church to keep it holy" (!), and

then, as if irritated by the author's spirit of candor and impartiality,* continues his reproaches in language too disgraceful for us to transcribe. He afterwards directs his weapons against the "absorptive Union," advising its enemies not to desert, but to remain in it and to rupture it,† and then opposes the "artificial" theory of Calvin upon the Sacrament. "This we think we must remark here the more, as formerly we ourselves, looking too one-sidedly upon the letter, have ascribed too great significance to the Calvinistic doctrine." In respect to the small differences of the Confessions, he quotes, "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments," &c., he recommends the Lutherans to appeal to the law rather than to the majority, and closes by complacently quoting the sixty-fourth Psalm.

It is refreshing to turn from such remarks to the preamble of Dr. Nitzsch, in the German Periodical for Christian Science and Christian Life, which thus concludes:—

"Let them resolve in free conferences that the decisions of the Church upon the Trinity and Christology are absolutely and finally settled, but let them only see how the theologians most eminent in speculative dogmatics, Müller, Liebner, Thomasius,

* In his excellent Preface to "The Legislation of Moses in the Land of Moab," which is dedicated to Dr. Hupfeld and Dr. Umbreit, the author nobly says: "The knowledge of the truth and the advancement of the kingdom of God stand for me high above all personal interest. But one reproach let none make to me, that my critical opinions had their deepest root in the infidelity of the heart. He alone could rightly say this, who thinks it an essential element of his faith, that he must adopt the traditional views of the Bible as his own. To controvert a traditional opinion upon the authorship of a book, is not to counteract its canonicity. Let it be considered, that when the validity of a book as a testimony of divinely revealed truth is made dependent upon its composition by never so great a man designated by the tradition, this is manifestly placing human authority above divine truth. Even if criticism should come to the result, that this or that book of the Bible did not contain divinely revealed truth, it would not on that account be an unbelieving criticism. For certainly this does not belong to the essence of our faith, that we must regard the Bible just as it has been transmitted to us as a law of faith, every part and sentence of which demands unconditional acceptance. The subjecting all reason to the obedience of Christ still retains its full rights. He who has experienced on his heart the word of God as a word of spirit and of power will not need for his faith the rotten, secondary support of a dead-letter belief; but he will believe the Bible, even if he does not believe on the Bible."

† Schenkel, however, remarks, if the differences of the Confessions are fundamental, then those Lutherans only are consistent who aim at the establishment of a separate Lutheran Church, "and here also the principle applies, that an open enemy is better than a doubtful friend."

Dorner, stand in regard to them. If all the most celebrated names in German theology at the present day, even those that are opposed to one another, should be classed together, not one would be found among them whom Bishops of London or Exeter would not have to put upon their Index. May the dignity and firmness with which the Theological Faculty in Göttingen has now a second time answered the charges brought against it by a misled 'office' spirit, speak and work as a sign of the good rights and conscience of German theology."

Most forcibly, however, is this party of reaction characterized by the Protestant Church Gazette: —

"To calumniate the Reformed, to overturn the Union, to despise science, these are the first signs of a genuine Lutheran; creed and office, these are the two beatitudes, and whoever will be great in the kingdom of the Lutheran Church must know nothing but the Catechism. Stahl has commanded science to turn about, and, behold, science turns right about. A theological literature floods the book-market, which knows nothing of the entire scientific results of the last hundred years; a race of theological teachers and students is growing up, in whom is to be seen nothing of the spirit of science, and whoever has inherited too large a patrimony of the mischievous reason, should take care how he comes near the Protestant theology. In the schools, it is not necessary that science should turn about; for it is not permitted to enter, and pupils and teachers are so much occupied with reading the Bible and learning the Catechism, that it has no opportunity to spring up. The last century, with its philosophy and theology, with its classic poems and hymns, is struck out of the history of the world, and the confessional views of the seventeenth century are everywhere dug up. Everything which is old and Lutheran is revived, however repugnant to good taste and preposterous it may be. To have republished an old ecclesiastical regulation, to have discovered a variation in the text of the Lutheran Catechism, to have restored a hymn of the seventeenth century with all its violation of taste, these are now the merits of men of science. Soon the pulpits will re-echo with sermons, such as Lutheran champions of the faith thundered out two hundred years ago; and the school-boys in the streets will repeat the formulas of the Lutheran Catechism. This is Lutheranism admirably restored; though its restoration, to be sure, is more important to it than its Lutheranism. Authority, — that is what is wanted, and for this mere Lutheranism is not sufficient. Hence the Lutheran restoration looks enviously at her more successful Romish sister, and longs for her dominion and means of sway. Hence arise — from this unconscious longing — under Protestant names so many unprot-

estant things, that whoever looks rightly upon them, and applies the respective Romish names, and recalls all that is connected with their birth, must wonder at the great resemblance which the Protestant Church will have to her Romish sister. Hence, also, some are so intensely absorbed in the divine authority of the office, that they come forth from their meditations with the full priestly unction. Leo in the *People's Paper*, and Vilmar in the Hesse regulations, already show the priestly hands, which have been consecrated to receive the returning Protestant Church. Already some are going round among us, on whom can be seen the unction which has been laid on, and that the episcopal succession sticks in their limbs. Even if it does not all turn out right, the good-will is there to imitate the Romish Church. The ecclesiastical restoration is carried out in all directions, and with all means. Under the protection of the conservative interests, it suppresses all free movement in the Church, and regulates in such a manner as to prevent all free separation from the Church, so that, notwithstanding all religious freedom, the free churches with their faith are still intrusted to the wisdom of a policeman, and their civil existence is made dependent on the discretion of an alderman.* This is the substance of all our church history."

As the Lutherans declare that an act of communion is an act of confession, the sacrament will probably soon be made the chief object of dispute, and the Lord's Supper, which was originally designed to be a bond of unity and love, will again become the occasion of alienation and strife.

We have some suggestions to add to this summary review of the relations of parties, and some application to make of the lesson to ourselves; but we must defer them to the next number of this journal.

E. J. Y.

* The wardens of the "Christian Catholic Society" of Breslau, in a statement published in the Berlin Voss. Gazette of February 1, 1855, complain that the money which they had collected at the doors of their meeting-house for the objects of their society had been confiscated, because they have no corporate rights, which it is impossible for them to obtain. They complain, that, under the pretext of their being a political society, their wives and children are excluded from their meetings; yet they had stated in the first article of the declaration which they made to the government, "The object of our society is religious and moral culture, and a life corresponding to it, — it is therefore a religious society"; and they add, that they could not have discussed politics at their meetings, which were always watched over by police. They conclude by saying, that new doctrines have always been opposed, under the charge of being dangerous to the state.

ART. II. — FACTORY LIFE, — ITS NOVELS AND ITS FACTS.*

ENGLISH fiction has of late years borne rather more a practical than a sentimental stamp. It would be somewhat curious to trace the gradual revolution which has been wrought, and to notice the different phases which have been exhibited by this branch of polite literature. "Clarissa," "Pamela," "Sir Charles Grandison," could not now delight an English public. "Tom Jones," "Amelia," and "Jonathan Wild" have had their day. "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Children of the Abbey," are hardly remembered. Sir Walter Scott accomplished a great good, when he turned the current of fictitious literature into new and better courses, by his forcible delineations of the historical personages of his own and other lands, and his lively portraiture of the scenes of what is now, by his labors, almost classic ground. What he has done in this respect, in regard to the men of the past, of history, or perhaps of tradition, later novelists have done in regard to the men of the present. Position and rank have been found to be not the only subjects for the pen of the romancer. Humble life has its poetry and romance too. The picture of imaginary woe has given place to that of real misery. The love-story has become subordinate to the inculcation of theories of philosophy and religion, or the presentation of schemes of philanthropy. Fiction has forsaken its first object, to please, and seeks now to instruct. And scarcely a novel issues from the English press at this day, but has some religious theory to maintain, or some practical benefit to suggest, or some great abuse to overthrow. If argument fails, illustration and narrative must be brought into requisition. Protestantism, philanthropy, chartism, judicial reform, factory-strike remedies, and the like, are now not only subjects for grave discussion; they have become the *succedaneum* of a novel. The occupation of the preacher and politician has gone over to the novelist. We hardly know, as we open a new

* 1. *Hard Times*. By CHARLES DICKENS. New York. 1854.

2. *North and South*. By the Author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," etc. New York. 1855.

story, whether we have in our hands a homily or a tale. At any rate, there is no one but feels that all this is pleasant to take in the form in which it is offered. Sugar-coated pills are certainly more agreeable than the original aloë mixture. If one does not like to be convinced, he is willing to be entertained and amused, even if Puseyism and the Chancery Court are the objects to be ridiculed. One thing at least is certain; it is easier to read a novel than to study political economy or theology, and while there are few who are willing to toil along the hard and difficult path of truth, there are thousands ready to lounge along the broad highway.

Not that we would, by any means, disparage the prevailing character or value of such works of fiction, or detract from their influence. We are glad to see those, whose only purpose seemed to be to make us laugh, fairly engaged in an enterprise to make us more truly alive to the wants of our humanity. We firmly believe that fiction can be made an excellent medium for communicating truth. The increasing earnestness of our fiction is a good sign. It betokens something better than what we have before witnessed. It certainly is as well for Saul to be a prophet as a herdsman, if he has the prophetic gift, and in his new vocation we are more disposed to encourage him to persevere, than to mock him for his change of business. If the novelist can teach us to be more faithful to those who ask our help, can infuse into us a purer love for the right, and can quicken our sympathy with the weak and the wronged, we are glad to be so influenced. Let us by all means have all the help we can get in the ceaseless conflict with evil in which we are engaged, if that help is offered us in sincerity and truth. We would not reject an ally, provided he comes with clean hands.

The English factory system has come in for a share of the novelists' attention. The passion and pathos of factory life have found at last their chroniclers. Even amid the clang and clatter of machinery, there is humanity, with its hopes and loves, its fears and woes, working and struggling for greater results than those accomplished by the material forces around them. There is something besides mere facts, statistical tables, reports of Parliamentary commissions, and the like. There is

human affection, and human need to be supplied, human nature, with its deep and wide and high capacity. Unpromising as a factory town may appear at first sight in aught that seems like romance, no place is really more promising. Life is intense, work is carried on sometimes from the very highest motives, and a character grows up beautiful and noble in many of its traits. From what has fallen under our own observation, and has come to our knowledge, we are satisfied — and we think we shall satisfy our readers by and by — that there is that in the life of our own manufacturing towns, and in the history of many of our factory operatives, which demands the admiration of all who regard self-denial and self-sacrifice as qualities to be commended. Human nature is the same all over the world. Human life has its sorrows and joys everywhere. There is not so wide a difference between English and American life as might be supposed. The factory life of the two countries is, in some respects, similar, — if not the outward, then the inward. New England may furnish greater comforts and better wages than Old England, but in both are men and women vastly like each other in their essential nature, and if anything for the novelist can be gathered here, there is as good a harvest there. We are not surprised, that it should have attracted the eye of genius, and that the revelation of its richness should have been made. There could not be a better opportunity for the manifestation of that characteristic of English fiction to which we have alluded.

The two books before us are among the most noticeable of those which have undertaken to improve this opportunity. One is by Dickens, the other by Mrs. Gaskell, the well-known author of "Mary Barton." Both were published at first in "Household Words," — a journal exceedingly beneficial in its whole scope and aim, and peculiarly high-toned, with but few exceptions, in its character. It was a new field for Dickens to enter upon, this of factory life, and perhaps not so well suited to his light and jovial genius. Yet he has been entirely successful in it. And if we feel that the book is graver and more serious than is the author's wont, we must remember that his subject reaches farther down into the sorrows of life than even he is accustomed to go.

There is little that is humorous in the scenes he had to describe. Yet his exquisite genius by no means failed him. He deserves in this, as in his other books, the meed of having faithfully performed his work.

Still we think Mrs. Gaskell has produced a much better book. It is deeper in feeling, more earnest, and altogether more skilfully and compactly put together. In each book the plot is very simple, and naturally developed. But Mrs. Gaskell has the advantage of much better characters; at least she has drawn them more finely. We remember the sensation which "*Mary Barton*" occasioned, on its first appearance, among novel-readers. We think that "*North and South*" will be even better appreciated,—as it deserves to be,—judging more from the impression left upon us. Both Dickens's and Mrs. Gaskell's leading characters are taken from the same positions in the town. A mill-owner, whom the heroine marries, and an operative, with their usual surroundings, are foremost in both. Yet Mrs. Gaskell's manufacturer is very far superior in all the traits of a manly character to Dickens's. Our heroine is far more a woman, and her type of an operative of a much stronger build, both mentally and physically. A slight sketch of the two books will show our statement to be well founded.

Dickens introduces us at once to his factory village and its inhabitants. Coketown is the name given to the place, a mass of machinery, with men tied to it. Mr. Josiah Bounderby is the principal mill-owner, banker, merchant, what not. Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, a year or two younger, is his friend, and is what is called a practical man,—“with a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication-table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to.” On such principles or rules he brings up his family, only two of whom are prominent, Thomas junior, and Louisa; Mrs. Gradgrind, a woman completely dazed by the “eminently practical” details of everything pertaining to the household, being rather unceremoniously treated in her lifetime, and summarily at last shuffled out of the narrative. Louisa, having been brought up under such auspices, and with her better nature constantly rebelling against the theories of her so-called education, and proving them false, is given

at a marriageable age to Mr. Bounderby for a wife, according to the law "in such cases made and provided." Mr. Bounderby himself is a hard-hearted and coarse-grained man, with shrewdness enough to make money, and selfishness enough to keep it,—a bloat of pride and ignorance, continually swelling himself by making false comparisons between the wealth of his manhood and the poverty of his early years. With such a man, older than her father, the young wife can have no sympathy. Being really better than her training, she is dissatisfied and tired of her life. The monotony is broken by the arrival of a smart London gentleman, who has come to Coketown to stand for the borough, and to cram for his parliamentary speeches, in the event of his election. Mr. James Harthouse is keen enough to see how matters are between the parties, and quickly avails himself of the opportunity of making a conquest, more by way of variety than with mischievous intent. Louisa narrowly escapes his wiles, leaves Mr. Bounderby's house, and returns to her father, sadly weakening his practical theory of life. That is completely demolished by the disgraceful conduct of young Tom, euphoniously called *a whelp*, who is taken into Mr. Bounderby's employ, robs his bank, and is finally sent off to America. With these are connected a circus establishment, from which a little girl, Sissy Jupe, who grows up to be the best character of the book, is taken by Mr. Gradgrind and adopted, after the disappearance of her father, who mysteriously takes himself off at the commencement; Mr. Bounderby's housekeeper, whose position and aim we hardly understand; and Mr. Bounderby's mother, whom he has disavowed, and who annually comes up to Coketown from some obscure village, to admire at a distance her too fortunate son. Stephen Blackpool is the name that serves for an operative, who, what with a drunken and profligate wife, to whom he pays money that she may let him alone, and the unfeeling treatment which he receives from Bounderby, and also from his fellow-workmen engaged on "a strike," finds it "a' a muddle"; Rachael is a female operative, whom Stephen loves, making matters worse; and Bitzer, a rascally porter of Mr. Bounderby, finishes the list. The different classes of a Coketown population are thus represented. They all combine to teach the

moral of the book, that there is somewhat beside fact in the most material part of human life. Let us give it in Dickens's own stirring words:—

"Four hundred and more hands in this mill; two hundred and fifty horse steam-power. It is known to the force of a single pound-weight what the engine will do; but not all the calculators of the national debt shall tell me the capacity for good or evil, for love or hatred, for patriotism or discontent, for the decomposition of virtue into vice, or the reverse, at any single moment, in the soul of one of these its quiet servants, with the composed faces and the regulated actions. There is no mystery in it. There is an unfathomable mystery in the meanest of them, for ever. Supposing we were to reserve our arithmetic for material objects, and to govern these awful unknown quantities by other means."

The chief interest of "*North and South*" gathers around the fortunes of Margaret Hale,—a fine womanly character, and finely delineated,—the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, having doubts of Episcopacy, nobly resigns his charge, and quits his profession, thus being compelled to leave his parish at Helstone, a beautiful village in the South of England, and remove to Milton, a manufacturing town in the North, where he finds pupils and engages in teaching. The other members of the family are Mrs. Hale, a woman in weak health, who dies not long after the removal to Milton; Frederic, a son, a young man of high spirit, who engages in a mutiny at sea, on board a national vessel, and is compelled to stay out of England in consequence; and an old female servant, Dixon. Mr. Hale has, as his principal pupil, Mr. John Thornton, a master manufacturer, leasing his mill from Mr. Bell, an Oxford Fellow, Margaret's godfather. Margaret has an aunt and cousins in London, and a suitor, Mr. Henry Lennox, who is too precipitate in his suing, and receives a refusal. Mr. Thornton has a mother, strong-minded and firm, and a sister Fanny, weak-minded and pliant, living with him. He himself is a man of remarkable independence of character, and of great energy, honor, and truthfulness. Margaret's society has a powerful influence upon him, draws his esteem, and awakens his affection. She, educated with a prejudice against tradesmen and manufacturers, before she has learned the real manliness

of her second suitor, rejects his proffered love with some degree of scorn, but afterwards, subsequent to the death of her father and Mr. Bell, who bequeaths to her his property, helps Mr. Thornton out of a pecuniary difficulty, and accepts with a genuine womanly feeling his renewed proposals. With these, in a very natural manner, is connected the operative, Nicholas Higgins, who conceals a rare tenderness of heart beneath a rude and uncouth exterior. Higgins's family consists of two daughters, one dying of consumption, and, at a later stage of the narrative, of the children of a fellow-operative, who committed suicide to escape starvation during a strike. Out of the common incidents of factory life, as exhibited by means of these persons,—including, of course, a strike, during which Margaret, by a sudden act of great boldness, saves Mr. Thornton from imminent danger,—is woven a tale of absorbing interest and of rare purity and power. Its moral, if any it have, is to be found in what Mr. Thornton gradually discovered to be true, that employers and employed, masters and men, stand in a relation, not of mutual hostility, but of mutual dependence, and that the duty of each to the other is not to contend, but to help. While there are, on both sides, prejudice, a want of sympathy, a feeling that each is striving to gain advantage over the other, strikes necessarily take place. They can never be prevented till both parties see that manhood is greater than machinery, and that human rights are more to be taken into account than rules of trade.

The contrast between the character of Mr. Bounderby and that of Mr. Thornton may best be observed by noticing the difference in their manner of speaking of themselves. In the course of each book, each manufacturer tells the story of his advancement from early life. Mr. Bounderby's boastful coarseness and false humility come out in every word he utters. He is telling Mr. Gradgrind of himself.

"My mother left me to my grandmother," said Bounderby, "and according to the best of my remembrance, my grandmother was the wickedest and the worst old woman that ever lived. She kept a chandler's shop, and kept me in an egg-box. That was the cot of *my* infancy. As soon as I was big enough to run away, of course I ran away. Then I became a young

vagabond, and instead of one old woman knocking me about and starving me, everybody of all ages knocked me about and starved me. I pulled through it, though nobody threw me a rope. Vagabond, errand-boy, laborer, porter, clerk, chief manager, small partner, Josiah Bounderby of Coketown. Those are the antecedents and the culmination. Josiah Bounderby of Coketown learnt his letters from the outsides of the shops, Mr. Gradgrind, and was first able to tell the time upon a dial-plate, from studying the steeple-clock of St. Giles' Church, London, under the direction of a drunken cripple, who was a convicted thief and an incorrigible vagrant. Tell Josiah Bounderby of Coketown of your district schools, and your model schools, and your whole kettle-of-fish schools; and Josiah Bounderby of Coketown tells you plainly, all right, all correct, — he had n't such advantages, — but let us have hard-headed, solid-fisted people, — the education that made him won't do for everybody, he knows well, — such and such his education was, however, and you may force him to swallow boiling fat, but you shall never force him to suppress the facts of his life."

All this boisterous story is a pure fabrication, for the mother whom he had disowned had tended his infancy and childhood with the greatest care, had pinched herself that her son might have a business training, and had followed him with affection, even when he had cast her off, as unsuited to him in his wealthy state.

Mr. Thornton's modest and manly narrative, as he tells it to Margaret and her father, upon one of his visits to them, is in admirable contrast to Bounderby's balderdash: —

"Sixteen years ago, my father died under very miserable circumstances. I was taken from school, and had to become a man (as well as I could) in a few days. I had such a mother as few are blest with; a woman of strong power, and firm resolve. We went into a small country town, where living was cheaper than in Milton, and where I got employment in a draper's shop. Week by week, our income came to fifteen shillings, out of which three people had to be kept. My mother managed so that I put by three out of these fifteen shillings regularly. This made the beginning; this taught me self-denial. Now that I am able to afford my mother such comforts as her age rather than her own wish requires, I thank her silently on each occasion for the early training she gave me. Now, when I feel that in my own case it is no good luck, nor merit, nor talent, — but simply the habits of life which taught me to despise indulgences not thoroughly earned, — indeed, never to think twice about them, —

I believe that this suffering, which Miss Hale says is impressed on the countenances of the people of Milton, is but the natural punishment of dishonestly enjoyed pleasure at some former period of their lives. I do not look on self-indulgent sensual people as worthy of my hatred; I simply look upon them with contempt for their poorness of character."

This is the way in which the two men talk in private, about themselves. Let us hear what they have to say respecting their workmen. Mr. Bounderby describes Coketown to Mr. James Harthouse:—

"First of all, you see our smoke. That's meat and drink to us. It's the healthiest thing in the world in all respects, and particularly for the lungs. If you are one of those who want us to consume it, I differ from you. We are not going to wear the bottoms of our boilers out any faster than we're wearing 'em out now, for all the humbugging sentiment in Great Britain and Ireland. Now, you have heard a lot of talk about the work in our mills, no doubt. You have? Very good. I'll state the fact of it to you. It's the pleasantest work there is, and it's the lightest and the best-paid work there is. More than that, we could n't improve the mills themselves, unless we laid down Turkey carpets on the floors. Which we're not going to do. Lastly, as to our hands. There's not a hand in this town, sir, man, woman, or child, but has one ultimate object in life. That object is, to be fed on turtle-soup and venison with a gold spoon. Now, they're not agoing—none of 'em—ever to be fed on turtle-soup and venison with a gold spoon."

He has occasion afterwards to say, that the hands "are a set of rascals and rebels whom transportation is too good for." "Show me a dissatisfied hand," he says again, "and I'll show you a man that's fit for anything bad, I don't care what it is."

Mr. Thornton's opinion of his workmen, though not expressed so coarsely as Mr. Bounderby's, is yet not many removes from it in its essential meaning. A strike is impending in Milton. Mr. Thornton calls upon Mr. Hale, and discusses with him and Margaret the relative position of master and man. They are impressed with the antagonism and hostility between employers and employed, as exhibited upon the surface of the Milton life, and Margaret suggests that the manufacturers forget that the men have "human rights," and, if weak, are to be treated with tenderness rather than with tyranny. Mr. Thornton says:—

"I agree with Miss Hale so far as to consider our people in the condition of children, while I deny that we, the masters, have anything to do with the making or keeping them so. I maintain that despotism is the best kind of government for them; so that in the hours in which I come into contact with them I must necessarily be an autocrat. I will use my best discretion — from no humbug or philanthropic feeling, of which we have had rather too much in the North — to make wise laws and come to just decisions in the conduct of my business, which shall work for my own good in the first instance, for theirs in the second: but I will neither be forced to give my reasons, nor flinch from what I have once declared to be my resolution. Let them turn out! I shall suffer as well as they; but at the end they will find I have not bated nor altered one jot. . . . You suppose that our men are puppets of dough, ready to be moulded into any amiable form we please. You forget that we have only to do with them for less than a third of their lives; and you seem not to perceive that the duties of a manufacturer are far larger and wider than those merely of an employer of labor; we have a wide commercial character to maintain, which makes us into the great pioneers of civilization."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Hale, smiling, "that you might pioneer a little at home. They are a rough, heathenish set of men, these Milton men of yours."

"They are that," replied Mr. Thornton. "Rose-water surgery will not do for them. Cromwell would have made a capital mill-owner, Miss Hale. I wish we had him to put down this strike for us."

It is but due to Mr. Thornton to say, that, after the strike was over, and his business had become once more settled, his opinions were modified. He allowed himself and his workmen to have more and freer intercourse with each other, learned the lesson of mutual dependence and mutual help, and began to find that duty as well as interest counselled peace, and not warfare. Gradually master and man were enabled "to look upon each other with far more charity and sympathy, and bear with each other more patiently and kindly." The consequence was, that Mr. Thornton and his workmen began to consult each other in matters of practical reform, and together and harmoniously carried out their schemes for making life easier, and increasing the comforts and good of each other. Mr. Thornton was no longer feared as a strict and hard master, but admired as a man of honor and integrity, and loved for the real manliness of his character.

His orders were better filled, his work better done, even to voluntary over-working, and when the time of his trial came, and bankruptcy stared him in the face, Margaret's material aid was increased by the workmen's ready sympathy, and both saved the manufacturer from failure.

Justice to the operatives demands that they should be heard in the trial of their case. Stephen Blackpool and Nicholas Higgins shall be their spokesmen. We will let them tell their opinion of themselves and the masters. When Mr. Bounderby called his operatives "a set of rascals and rebels," it was at an interview with Stephen, at which Mr. Harthouse and Mr. Bounderby were present. Stephen himself had been proscribed by his fellow-workmen for not joining the "Union" for a strike.

"'Nay, ma'am,' said Stephen Blackpool, addressing himself to Louisa, 'not rebels, nor yet rascals. Nowt o' th' kind, ma'am, nowt o' th' kind. They 've not doon me a kindness, as I know and feel, but God forbid as I, that ha' ett'n and droonken wi' 'em, an seet'n wi' 'em, an toil'n wi' 'em, and lov'n 'em, should fail for to stan' by 'em wi' th' truth, let 'em ha' doon to me what they may! They 're true to one another, faithfoo' to one another, 'fectionate to one another, e'en to death. Be poor among 'em, be sick among 'em, grieve among 'em for onny o' th' monny causes that carries grief to th' poor man's door, an they 'll be tender wi' yo, chrisen wi' yo. They 'd be riven to bits, ere ever they 'd be different.'

"'What,' said Mr. Bounderby, folding his arms, 'do you people, in a general way, complain of?'

"'Look round town, [replied Stephen,] so rich as 't is, and see th' numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein heer, fur to weave, an to card, an to piece out a livin', aw the same, one way, somehows, 'twixt their cradles an their graves. Look how we live, an wheer we live, an in what numbers, an by what chances, an wi' what sameness; an look how the mills is awlus a goin', an how they never works us no nigher to onny distant object, — ceptin awlus, Death. Look how yo considers of us, an writes of us, an talks of us, an goes up wi yor deputations to Secretaries o' State 'bout us, an how yo are awlus right, an we awlus wrong, an nev'r had no reason in us sin ever we were born. Who can look on 't, sir, and fairly tell a man 't is not a muddle?'

"'Sir, I canna, wi' my little learnin' an my common way, tell th' genelman what will better au this, but I can tell him what I know never will do 't. The strong hand will never do 't.

Vict'ry and triumph will never do 't. Agreeing fur to make one side unnatrally an awlus an for ever right, an toother side unnat'rally an awlus an for ever wrong, will never, never do 't. Nor yet lettin alone will never do 't. Not drawin nigh to folk wi' kindness an patience an cheery ways, will never do 't till th' sun turns t' ice. Last of aw, ratin 'em as so much power, an reg'latin 'em, as if they was figures in a loom, or machines; wi'out loves and likins, wi'out memories an inclinations, wi'out souls to weary an souls to hope,—when aw goes quiet, draggin on wi' 'em as if they 'd nowt o' th' kind, an when aw goes onquiet, reproaching 'em fur their want o' sitch humanly feelins in their dealins wi' yo,—this will never do 't, sir, till God's work is onmade."

Nicholas Higgins is a far more decided and independent character, and speaks his mind with greater freedom. He has more intelligence, and a sturdier firmness, and is a leader among the operatives in their strike. Still he is a man of great gentleness at heart, and will do for others a great deal more than for himself. We are more concerned with him now, however, in the matter of the grievances of the "hands," than in that of his own disposition and tendencies. He does not hesitate to speak of Mr. Thornton and the other masters as though he thought them tyrants. He thus explains to Margaret, who has called in to see Bessy, his sick daughter, why the workmen strike:—

" 'Why, yo see, there 's five or six masters who have set themselves again paying the wages they 've been payin' these two years past and flourishin' upon, and gettin' richer upon. And now they come to us, and say we 're to take less. And we won't. We 'll just clem to death first; and see who 'll work for 'em then. They 'll have killed the goose that laid them the golden eggs, I reckon. . . . I tell yo, it 's their part—their cue as some folks call it—to beat us down, to swell their fortunes; and it 's ours to stand up and fight hard—not for ourselves alone, but for them round about us—for justice and fair play. We help to make their profits, and we ought to help to spend 'em. We 're gotten money laid by; and we 're resolved to stand and fall together; not a man on us will go in for less wages than th' Union says is our due. So I say 'hooray' for the strike, and let Thornton and Slickson and Hamper and their set look to 't.' "

" 'Thornton!' said Margaret, 'Mr. Thornton of Marlborough Street?'

" 'Ay! Thornton o' Marlboro' Mill, as we call him.'

“ ‘What sort of a master is he?’ ”

“ ‘Did yo ever see a bulldog? Set a bulldog on his hind legs, and dress him up in a coat and breeches, and yo ’re just gotten John Thornton. . . . Let John Thornton get hold on a notion, and he ’ll stick to it like a bulldog; yo might pull him away wi’ a pitchfork ere he ’d leave go. He ’s worth fightin’ wi’, is Thornton, — an obstinate chap every inch on him, — th’ oud bulldog.’ ”

The strike fails, Bessy dies, and Higgins is unmanned. Then Margaret takes him home with her to drink tea and talk with her father. After some discussion, Mr. Hale goes to his shelves for a book to enforce his opinions.

“Yo need n’t trouble yoursel’, sir, their book-stuff goes in at one ear and out at t’other. I can make naught on ’t. Afore Hamper and me had this split, Hamper met me one day in th’ yard. He had a thin book i’ his hand, and says he, ‘Higgins, I ’m told you are one of those damned fools that think you can get higher wages for asking for ’em. Here ’s a book written by a friend of mine, and if yo ’ll read it, yo ’ll see how wages find their own level, without either masters or men having aught to do with it, except the men cut their own throats wi’ striking, like the confounded noodles they are.’ Now, sir, I put to yo, being a parson and in the preaching line, and having had to try and bring folk over to a right way o’ thinking, did yo begin by calling ’em fools and such like, or did n’t yo rather give ’em some kind words at first to make ’em ready for to listen and be convinced, if they could; and in yo’r preaching, did yo stop every now and then, and say, half to them and half to yo’rsel’, ‘But yo ’re such a pack o’ fools, that I ’ve a strong notion it ’s no use my trying to put sense into yo?’ . . . I dare say there ’s truth in yon Latin book on your shelves; but its gibberish and not truth to me, unless I know the meaning o’ the words. If yo, sir, or any other knowledgeable patient man come to me, and says he ’ll larn me what the words mean and not blow me up if I ’m a bit stupid, or forget how one thing hangs on another, — why in time I may get to see the truth of it; or I may not. I ’ll not be bound to say, I shall end in thinking the same as any man. And I ’m not one who think truth can be shaped out in words, all neat and clean, as th’ men at th’ foundry cut sheet-iron. Same bones won’t go down wi’ every one. It ’ll stick here i’ this man’s throat, and there i’ t’other’s. Let alone that, when down, it may be too strong for this one, too weak for that. Folk who sets up to doctor th’ world wi’ their truth, must suit different minds; and be a bit tender in th’ way o’ giving, or th’ poor sick fools may spit it out i’ their faces. Now Hamper first

gi'es me a box on my ear, and then he throws his big bolus at me, and says he reckons it 'll do me no good, I 'm such a fool, but there it is."

The interview closed with prayer. "Margaret the Churchwoman, her father the Dissenter, Higgins the Infidel, knelt down together. It did them no harm." Nicholas afterwards works for Mr. Thornton, the two men understand each other better as they know more of each other, and by and by co-operate with each other in improving the condition of the workmen.

We should be very glad, did our limits allow, and were it not beyond our present purpose, to consider at length the characters of Margaret Hale and Bessy Higgins. They would be well worth a closer acquaintance. But we must reluctantly refrain. We have given a taste of the quality of the book, by which our readers can see that "North and South" is a book which it will do them good to read. And as such we cordially recommend it.

We are not in the habit of going to any work of fiction to obtain a knowledge of the real state of the case with which it professes to deal. Yet it must be confessed, that, in some instances, works of that kind are more reliable than those which deal with facts. Both indeed have a foundation of truth. Both are oftentimes *ex parte*, and are written to make out a particular case. Even parliamentary documents themselves are by no means exceptions to this statement,—if we can judge from the character of their kindred on this side of the water. From the spirit of "Hard Times" and "North and South," and from a knowledge of facts, which we are able to gain from other and authentic sources, we think we hazard nothing in declaring the novels to be as fair and candid and impartial in their presentation of the subject, as the dryer and less interesting tabular statements of Parliament. It cannot be doubted that there now exists, or that there has existed till but very recently, the notion, that employer and employed were engaged in a battle with each other, instead of a work for each other. If the force of this has weakened at all, it has done so by the occurrence of just such events as are narrated in "North and South," and by the use of such instrumentalities as are there exhibited. The masters have changed,—the men have changed,—the times have changed,—and

whatever good results have been accomplished within the last few years, they have come from the gradual growth of a conviction, on both sides, that the two parties are mutually dependent, and so should mutually and harmoniously work together. Capital and labor are but complements of each other, and are to be used in harmony rather than in discordance. Strikes may not be altogether prevented, but, as Mrs. Gaskell puts into the mouth of Mr. Thornton, they may not be "the bitter, venomous sources of hatred they have hitherto been. A more hopeful man might imagine, that a closer and more genial intercourse between classes might do away with strikes. But I am not a hopeful man." There may be masters whose very nature is tyranny itself, showing itself even in their schemes of benevolence. There may be among the operatives discontented workmen, who are ever ready to seize upon the slightest cause of offence, and, by exaggerating its importance, to bring themselves and their fellow-workmen to feel that they are really the victims of an outrageous despotism,—and this too at the very time when some measure of relief is in process of operation. The best intentions of the master may be thwarted by the untoward exertions of such men. Both parties undoubtedly have much to learn.

From what we know, therefore, of the English factory system, we have no doubt of the truthfulness of the description of Bounderby, Thornton, Hamper, &c., and of Stephen Blackpool, Nicholas Higgins, and the agitator Slackbridge, in these works. Where it happens, that one man has the whole power of the establishment in his own hands, without control,—where that man has lost none of his original coarseness in his way from poverty to affluence,—it is to be expected that the power will be abused. The men will be treated as *hands*, unthinking, unfeeling, hard combinations of strength and muscle, a part of the machinery, to be counted as so much power, to be regulated by clock-work, bell-ringing, and the like, and to be turned on and off work, with no more thought of them than that with which the steam or the water is regularly applied to the ponderous wheels that carry the different departments of the mill. All are but mere blind agents, for the production of certain results,—so many yards of cloth,—so much manufactured material. At

the same time, the master has no very close connection with the men. Between him and his workmen intervenes a third class,—that of the overseers. They will generally be in the interest of the master. They partake of his nature to a certain extent. If he is despotic, they will be despotic. The master having the idea that his men are rebels and rascals, the overseers will have the same idea. They will be the recipients of the complaints of the men, and no grievances will come to the knowledge of the master except through them. At the same time, they will strive to be on good terms with the men, if they are at all timid; and the consequence will be a double-minded, false, and deceitful class, producing much mischief. Or, if this is not the case, and the master has an intimate knowledge of the operatives, it is only as he has a knowledge of the rest of the machinery. To him they are but machinery, and to be regulated as such. If they are discontented, their discontent must be crushed out, for they are at war with him and his interests; they must be put down with a strong hand. At some time he may be suddenly awakened from such a dream, by a violence which hurries himself with his property to ruin.

This is on a supposition of an abuse of power on the part of the master, and a disregard on both sides of the law of life, which is as old as human history, and which is underneath all questions of economics or statistics,—namely, the law of mutual dependence and mutual help. Human welfare was never yet promoted by a state of warfare between classes, and can be promoted only by a condition of harmony and peace, springing from a real mutual regard. There are human rights, and these belong to factory operatives as well as to mill-owners and master manufacturers. The operatives are men and women, are to be treated in a Christian land in a Christian way.

We are glad to know that there are English masters who recognize this plain truth, and apply it to the conduct of their establishments. We are glad to know that there are even manufacturing corporations—generally supposed to be soulless—in England, which are willing to recognize this truth, and provide for its application to the treatment of their operatives. They have become convinced that the use of proper means for the improve-

ment of their workmen, not morally alone, but physically and socially also, is productive of the most beneficial results; not only that, but is profitable too. They have found that men and women and children can be trusted, if they can feel that those whom they are called upon to trust are worthy of their confidence. And there are now manufacturing establishments in England, where the health, comfort, education, and religious training of the operatives are matters of more than secondary importance. Factory play-grounds, factory schools, even factory chaplains in some instances, are provided from the corporation funds. Wash-rooms, cook-rooms, eating-rooms, are furnished on the premises, and everything done which is found necessary for the good of the workmen. What is the result? A closer affinity and union between employers and employed. The operatives feel interested in the success of their employers. Regard, esteem, and love take the place of enmity and antagonism. There is greater willingness, and from this greater promptness, on the part of the workmen. And the whole establishment becomes more easily governed, since the interests of all parties are promoted by mutual good-will.

Such results as these have not indeed been brought about in a day. Thought and labor have been applied to the work, to an immense extent. The subject has been discussed in all its bearings. It has been before Parliament. It has demanded the attention of writers of unquestionable genius. It has engaged earnest men all over the kingdom. Red-tapists, political economists, statesmen, philanthropists, have been drawn into the enterprise, till the assurance of justice for the operative is now completely established. Wages are reasonable; distress, except in some localities not altogether under the influence of "the more excellent way," all but impossible; and masters and men are gradually coming to understand, that the golden rule of the Gospel is as applicable to the business in their hands as to any other of the practical labors and duties of life. We by no means forget the suffering caused by the strike at Preston during the year before the last. We do not forget that the millennium for work-people is still far distant in the future. We do not forget that the old feud between labor and

capital, master and man, is by no means ended. But we rejoice that a better era has dawned upon the English factory system, and that in some instances it has been found both just and profitable that union and good feeling should exist, that the hatchet should be buried, and peace prevail between employer and employed.

There is an exceedingly interesting paper in the *North British Review* for November, 1853, giving an account of a candle manufactory in Surrey, from which it appears that somewhat has been done in the line of work to which we have referred above. For a knowledge of the practical results of such a procedure, we would refer our readers to the paper itself. Let it suffice, that it was found to be for the increased good of the workmen, while, as a matter of business, it was profitable to the company. Meanwhile we may be allowed to quote a single paragraph:—

“A joint-stock company, — constituted for a very humble and far from sweet-smelling purpose, — a company of candle-makers, we had almost said, of tallow-chandlers, — not being compelled thereto by charter or act of Parliament, nor even by a strike among their hands, nor among those of a neighbor, — acknowledge themselves responsible, pecuniarily responsible, for the education, for the religious worship, of their work-people, boys, girls, adults, — vote away £1,200 a year out of their profits for these purposes. Surely a very noticeable event in these days of the gospel of political economy, — of ‘cash payments the only *nexus* between man and man,’ — of the ‘lawful bargain’ of labor on the most approved buy-cheap and sell-dear principle.”

The transition is easy from the English to the American factory system, — the latter system itself somewhat different from the former, but the same essential human nature engaged in both, — the same humanity in America as in England.

The manufacturing interest in this country is one of the utmost importance and influence. It is, in fact, second only to the agricultural interest. In 1850, the value of the agricultural products of the United States amounted to \$1,326,691,326, while the product of manufactures, mining, and the mechanic arts was valued at \$1,013,336,463. The capital invested in the business amounted to \$527,209,193, employing 719,479 males, and 225,512

females, and paying in annual wages \$ 229,736,377. New England and the Middle States carry on more than seven tenths of the business, Massachusetts alone having a capital invested of \$ 83,357,642, and producing a value of \$ 151,137,145 in manufactured articles. One sixth part of the Massachusetts capital, namely, \$ 13,900,000, is to be found invested in the city of Lowell, in twelve corporations, employing 8,723 females and 4,542 males in the manufacture of cotton and woollen cloths, carpets, and machinery. The other principal manufacturing towns, of this class of manufactures, in New England, are Saco and Biddeford in Maine, Nashua and Manchester in New Hampshire, and Lawrence, Clinton, and Holyoke in Massachusetts. We mention these facts, to show that here is a subject which should certainly demand the most serious attention and engage the most serious thought of Christian men, for there is somewhat more than capital invested. There are human labor, skill, energy, human welfare for time and eternity, in the issues of the undertaking. There is a question of profits beyond those counted in dollars and cents. To us there seems something more than a prescribed and certain process of manufacturing. There is in it all a betokening of the power of the human intellect and the human will over material things. It establishes wealthy and populous cities upon sterile plains. It builds school-houses and churches, as well as cotton-mills and railroads. It adds to the comforts and the well-being, not alone of a few thousand persons, but, sending out its various influences on the ways, which Providence has laid down, to the comforts and well-being in some way of all mankind. Then, when we think how these labors serve in the education of manhood and womanhood, — when we think of the motives to the work and its moral consequences, — we are brought to feel that it is a matter pertaining to the culture of the head and the heart, as well as to the labor of the hands.

Capital with us is more widely distributed, and in more hands, than in England, and so the American system of manufacturing is carried on somewhat differently from the English system. Corporations with us take the place of individual capitalists. A resident agent per-

forms the duties of the mill-owner, being employed by each corporation, with a salary sufficiently ample to command the services of men of superior ability. This agent is the main executive power of the company in the place where the mills are located. He has the administration of all the affairs pertaining to the process of manufacturing. Assisted by numerous overseers and subordinates, he still has the sole direction of the business under his charge. He is at the head of affairs. Under his guidance, all the work is conducted. It is true, a weekly consultation with the treasurer of the corporation helps him in his duties. Yet his superiors in office rarely intermeddle with his plans, and never take the government out of his hands, except in cases of unfaithfulness and dishonesty. That government thus becomes a sort of absolute monarchy.

The agent of a manufacturing company thus occupies a very important and influential position. In the hands of a wise, discreet, and benevolent man, his office may be made one of the greatest usefulness. In the hands of a hard-hearted and arbitrary man, it may be one for the exercise of an unbearable tyranny. As a general thing, however, the agents of our corporations have been, so far as our knowledge has extended, men who have used their power well. Some have been distinguished for their fidelity to the duties of their station, and for their usefulness in the community where they have lived. We have in our mind now an agent of the principal manufacturing corporation in Lowell, during the time of the rapid growth of that city, since gone to his reward, who was a model man in very many respects. We refer to the late John Clark. Of an unimpeachable and a deeply religious character, of inestimable private worth, and endowed with admirable faculties for business, he was eminently fitted for the responsible post which he held. So constant and devoted was he to the best interests of his fellow-citizens, as well as of those more immediately under his care, that he has left among all classes a fresh and fragrant memory of excellence. Never did any man labor so diligently for the promotion of the welfare of his operatives. He seemed to infuse his spirit into them. He founded by his efforts an excellent library, now numbering ten

thousand volumes and more, to which a cheap and ready access is afforded to all. By his influence, societies for religious and intellectual improvement were formed among the workmen and workwomen. From one of these grew up the Lowell Offering, a publication of by no means an inferior quality, and affording ample and satisfactory evidence of the estimable character of mind and heart of many among the "factory girls." Nor did his labor stop here. He knew that physical comfort was as essential to the health and happiness of the operatives, as their moral and intellectual improvement. His active and comprehensive mind did not overlook what might seem to some the trivial details of their welfare, but embraced and provided for all. The boarding-houses of the company were of an inferior description, and a reform was needed in this direction, as in others. When the time came for the renewal of some of these, he procured the erection of a costly, elegant, and spacious block of buildings for the temporary homes of the girls, unsurpassed in the city for convenience and beauty. They are now an ornament to the city, a credit to the company, and one attestation out of many to the excellence of the master, who always remembered that those in his employ were men and women, with bodies to be made comfortable, with minds to be improved, and with souls to save! The whole administration of his office amply shows how much of good for the operative may be accomplished by the manufacturing agent, who has the will and the spirit of fidelity.

In regard to the places in which the mills are located, the manufacturing corporations have generally pursued a liberal course of policy. Holding the streets and the land on which their structures are built as private property, besides paying their proportional share of the city expenses, they also build, light, and keep in repair their own streets and bridges, and maintain, at least at night, their own police. Besides this, they contribute liberally towards the sustenance of the benevolent and religious institutions of the place. The Ministry at Large does not appeal to them in vain. The churches and schools have their firm support. In Lowell, of which we can speak more particularly, at least one third of the support of the Missionary Association comes from their funds,

while each Protestant church at its inception is helped to the amount of three or four thousand dollars in the erection of its place of worship. And all these things are done, not as a matter of benevolence, — to that they make no pretension, — but as what concerns their own interests. For they have found, that what conduces to the well-being of their operatives conduces also to the augmentation of their own profits.

The mills, in which the work of manufacturing is performed, are, in Lowell and other places which we have visited, of the most substantial kind. They are generally four or five stories in height; the rooms for carding, spinning, dressing, and weaving are, for the most part, well warmed by means of steam, well ventilated, and kept scrupulously clean; and every provision is made, consistent with the circumstances of the labor, for the comfort of the operative. The work is not more laborious than other kinds of toil, in which men and women engage, and in the opinion of many not so much so. In some of the rooms it does not average more than nine hours a day, and in none of them does the machinery run over eleven hours a day. The wages compare favorably with those of other labors. They have averaged per week, exclusive of board, in the Lowell corporations, for the year 1854, as follows: for the first half-year in the weaving-rooms, \$ 2.16, last half-year, \$ 2.15; — in the dressing-rooms, first half-year, "drawing in," \$ 1.76, last half-year, \$ 1.73; "dressers," \$ 3.21 and \$ 3.55; "warpers," \$ 1.77 and \$ 1.59; — in the spinning-rooms, "doffers," \$ 1.57 and \$ 1.51; "winders," \$ 1.40 both half-years; "drawing," \$ 1.31 and \$ 1.33; "speeders," \$ 2.00 and \$ 2.01. The overseers of the different rooms receive from \$ 1.75 to \$ 3.00 per day. The average wages of females in all the rooms are \$ 2.00 per week, exclusive of board; of males, some of whom are boys, \$ 0.80 per day. The price of board is fixed by a rule of the companies at \$ 1.25 per week. During the prevalence of hard times, when provisions are at high prices, the companies pay the boarding-house keepers an extra amount. During the year 1854, the sum of \$ 100,000 was paid for this purpose by the Lowell corporations alone, and we have no doubt that corporations in other places were equally generous. In no case that has come

to our knowledge has any operative, who has boarded in the companies' houses, been compelled to pay more than the regulated price. It is true, the fare is not sumptuous, nor is the lodging of a kind to excite the envy of a Sybarite. But both are suited to the wants and habits of those who share them. By the regularity of the hours devoted to labor, food, and rest, a general degree of health is happily experienced. It is the testimony of physicians, that the operatives are, as a class, more healthy than other laborers, the only drawback from the statement arising from the late hours in which some of them indulge, and imprudence in dress. The former is contrary to the rules of the corporations, and the latter, of course, cannot be made a matter of regulation.

Of the character of the operatives, it is not necessary to say much. It is of such a kind as to compare very favorably with that of other classes of laborers. Human nature is the same everywhere, and temptations to vice abound. It would not be strange if some should fall. But in general, the population of our manufacturing towns is of such a character as to call forth commendation from all who have known them, and have been cognizant of the circumstances of the case. Rev. Mr. Osgood, in his "Milestones," has given his testimony without hesitation on this point, and we are happy to corroborate it to the full. As it is so nearly our own opinion, we shall be pardoned for quoting what he says:—

"There is in many quarters a disposition to underrate the population of our manufacturing towns. But a fair observation must satisfy any candid man, that those towns, certainly in New England, have their full share of intelligence and character. I mingled very freely with the operatives of every grade, and had a considerable number of them in the parish. It is simple truth to say, that *I have never known a more exemplary class of persons.*"

No one, who is at all conversant with the facts in the case, can call this statement extraordinary. We do not think that the character of the operatives, as a class, has degenerated since Mr. Osgood was the minister of the Unitarian Church at Nashua. When we take into consideration the circumstances of their position, the temptations by which they are surrounded, their freedom from

the influences of home, their free communication with each other, and most of all, perhaps, the admixture of a class of foreign operatives,* who are, in some cases, ignorant, and who may be apt to abuse the ways of our life, which they hardly understand, it is a matter of some surprise, that the general good character of our manufacturing population should be so well sustained. Even among the foreign operatives themselves, we find a commendable desire of improvement, and manifest tokens of progress. They fill the evening schools, which are carried on during the winter months, with their most studious and most diligent pupils. They are, in most cases, well dressed, and cleanly. On Sundays, the Catholic churches are filled by attentive and orderly congregations. Indeed, the operatives are among the most constant of church-goers. The Methodist, Baptist, and Orthodox societies are largely made up of these industrious work-people. Many of them are also to be found in the Universalist and Unitarian societies.† As their attendance upon Sunday worship is entirely voluntary, this is a matter of especial gratification. We have had opportunities of knowing, that this fact is not the only token of religious character which has been exhibited. The motives which actuate many of them in their labor are of the best and highest kind. These are not merely the love of money and the desire for display in dress, and its accompaniments, which may appear upon the surface. They are working, many of them, for the purpose of procuring the means of education. Some have gone away from the mills to school and college; then from pupils they become teachers and professional men, or the wives of professional men, and as such exert a wide influence in the community. Some have a brother or a sister to assist in educating. Some are helping to lift off the burden of debt from the parental farm or homestead. Some, by their devoted labor, are maintaining the whole family, a widowed mother and orphan children, otherwise destitute. And mingled with all these are oftentimes the gentler

* Foreign operatives have come, in large numbers, since 1848. They now number very nearly half of the working population of the Lowell mills.

† The writer of this is of the opinion, that at least one third of his congregation is composed of persons connected directly with the manufacturing corporations.

graces of life, and virtues which, though no chronicler shall ever write their history, are remembered and cherished in grateful hearts:—

“Labors of good to man,
Unpublished charity,—unbroken faith,—
Love, that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and faltered not with death.”

Not that we would have our readers think, in all this, that factory life is all rose-color, or that our American factory system is perfect. We believe that there is yet a great deal to do, both among the corporations and the operatives. There is, it must be confessed, a remnant still of the old hostility between master and man, both in England and this country. But we believe that a manifest improvement has taken place, even within the last few years. The old feud is dying out, and both classes are beginning to feel that the Gospel law of love is the only true law of life. Never before, among our manufacturing population, has there been so much harmony between employers and employed as now. Both understand that mutual dependence inculcates mutual help. Instances of oppression by the officers of corporations may be found. Instances of vileness, dishonesty, and perhaps hatred among the operatives, may be found. But these are now the exception rather than the rule. Human nature is liable to fall,—of that we have frequent evidence. But human nature is susceptible of improvement, and, when once in the right way, will surely make progress. We think that there is a promise of the best results to be wrought out in the future. Here is the hopeful fact,—the companies are mindful of the good of their work-people, and are making provisions for accomplishing it. It is but one instance of their exertions, that, in Lawrence, the Pacific Company has given its operatives a course of free lectures during the past winter. It was in contemplation among the Lowell companies to furnish a similar course to their operatives, and the purpose would have been carried out, had not the field been previously occupied. These things are significant, and point to a time when justice and love shall prevail between man and man,—between employer and employed. We believe the time will come when both shall feel that, in mere business arrangements, they are partners, (as in-

deed some of the operatives already are,) and that, in the great business of life, the working for each other's welfare, they are somewhat more,—“brethren in Christ Jesus.”

Did our limits permit, we should wish to say a word or two upon the subject of factory legislation. For our own part, we are not firm believers in special legislation of any kind. The laws may remove hinderances—as they should—from the progress of the people, but that progress itself must result from the growth of moral convictions of truth and right and justice in the hearts and minds of the people, and that is beyond the reach of law. We have preferred to treat this subject not so much as an economic one, but from the point of view which should be occupied by the Christian thinker, in looking over the field of Christian enterprise. We firmly believe in the practicability of the application of Christian principles to “every labor that a man may do under the sun.” And if we have been successful in communicating such a belief to others, or strengthening it in them, so far as this labor is concerned, we have accomplished our present purpose.

A. W.

ART. III.—THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.*

THE three discussions of this chapter named below are illustrations of three different modes in which believers have approached the question of the Scriptural cosmogony.

The first-named volume is a “pious improvement” of the whole matter of creation, whether as described by Genesis, alluded to in other Scriptures, or seen in the

* 1. *The Six Days of Creation*, etc., etc. By W. G. RHIND. From the last London Edition, etc. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. 1855. 12mo. pp. 347.

2. *Bibliotheca Sacra*, etc. January, 1855, Article IV. “The Narrative of the Creation in Genesis.” Concluded in Art. V. for April, 1855. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

3. *The Six Days of Creation*, etc., etc. By TAYLER LEWIS. Schenectady, N. Y.: Van Debogert. 1855. 12mo. pp. xii., 407.

daily mercies of Providence. It commands respect for its sincere piety, but is wholly below criticism in regard to its science, its philology, and its logic. The publishers have done more harm than good to the cause of Biblical learning by reprinting it. "Steel engravings, copied with great fidelity from the London edition," represent the earth on the first day as distinctly marked out by visible meridian lines into twenty-four unequal "gores," and by equally visible parallels into eleven zones. The author thinks the "evidence conclusive, that the days of creation were periods of twenty-four hours of time."

The article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* begins with a review of the various speculations which have been indulged in by believers attempting to reconcile Geology with Genesis, or Genesis with Geology; and concludes with an exposition of the views of Professor Arnold Guyot. Guyot adopts Laplace's nebular hypothesis as the basis of his geological theories, and then attempts to show that the narrative of Genesis is in strict accordance with these theories. Thus he makes chaos a gaseous mass; and the separation of the waters above the firmament from those below the firmament is the gathering of that gaseous matter into separate globes, incipient planets. The days are long periods, or geological ages.

The work of Tayler Lewis is one of an entirely different character. Forsaking alike the bewildering glare of science, by whose light Guyot reads the chapter, and the bewildering shadows of the fear which prevents most devout persons from questioning the interpretation that has been associated with their earlier religious impressions, he seeks in a purely philological investigation to discover the true meaning of the writer of the record in Genesis. In pursuit of this end, he has not only dug up the Hebrew roots, but has also searched diligently the Syriac, Septuagint, and Vulgate versions, the Jewish Targums, the Apocryphal books, the Koran, and whatever fragments he could find of the Samaritan and Coptic.

The principal results at which he arrives may perhaps be thus stated. First, the language of the chapter is phenomenal, it describes things as they impress the sense, not as they are in essence, nor as they affect our feelings, nor as they are explained in our philosophy.

This is the only language proper for a revelation concerning phenomena, because the essence is absolutely ineffable; and the sensible impression is the only thing unchangeable that can be uttered; the emotion varying with different degrees of susceptibility, and the philosophy with different degrees of knowledge, but the impression being the same for all men in all ages. Secondly, the Mosaic *Beginning* is not the absolute beginning, but only the beginning of physical order on earth. Thirdly, the *Days* are periods of undetermined length; called days because they are each divided into two periods, in the first of which the new powers imparted by God lie in a hidden state, as if in darkness; while in the second they are manifested, the invisible ideas becoming visible phenomena. Fourthly, this account of Genesis is the original where most of the heathen cosmogonies have been drawn. Fifthly, while modern science views the world in its relations of space, ancient theology, and especially inspired writings, speak of it in its relations to time; so that the word *Worlds* in Scripture means ages, not in the sense of centuries, but more in the sense recently introduced into science of geological periods.

This dry enumeration of a few results gives no idea of the power and beauty of Tayler Lewis's work. It glows with earnestness, and yet is calm and majestic. It carries the reader unconsciously with it, as though it were the only utterance of the truth. We have never met with an argument for the eternal generation of the Son, which seemed to us so strong as one which is incidentally brought into the discussion of Scripture references to the creation. There is occasionally, in the work, a tendency to lean too strongly upon nice shades of etymological difference, and also a tendency to misrepresent and belittle the true aim of science; but these are blemishes of little importance compared with the richness and strength of the whole. We thank the author, not only for the light which he has thrown upon the Six Days of Creation, but for his glorious vindication of the dignity and worth of philology. The pupils of mathematical and physical science sometimes indulge in ill-deserved sneers at the study of dead languages. These languages are the records of immortal thought, and through them alone can we come into communi-

cation with the mind of the past. Their investigation is a fundamental branch of human science, and worthy of its place beside the other branches.

Some months before the appearance of this book, we had the pleasure of hearing in conversation with Professor Benjamin Peirce, of Harvard College, his views of the first chapter of Genesis, and were so much interested in them that we immediately made abundant notes of the conversation, and a few days afterward wrote them out in full. Having received Professor Peirce's permission to publish them, we have prefaced them with this brief notice of other explanations, to show the novelty as well as beauty of his view. There are many things in our paper which the careful reader will observe bear a striking likeness to passages in Lewis's *Six Days of Creation*. They were, however, written out from our notes of Peirce's conversation before the publication of Lewis's book. In the grand outline, however, Peirce's view differs not only from Tayler Lewis's, but from that of every other commentator, rationalist or orthodox, of whose opinions we have any knowledge. They all suppose that the primary thought of the writer in Genesis is that of six times or periods, six successive acts of creation. Whether calling the chapter a heathen fragment, or a divine inspiration,—whether supposing the days to be solar days, or geological periods,—they all agree in looking at the division of times as the primary idea. Now, as Abaush says of the interpretation of prophecy, there is but one circle whose circumference will pass through three given points, and when that one is drawn, we need not seek for another. We propose now to draw a circle through the first of Genesis, the twentieth of Exodus, and the Gospel of Matthew, in such wise as to show that no other centre can be found than in the revelations of the Almighty. Put upon this first chapter of Genesis the explanations heretofore given, and it remains a subject for debate. But accept the interpretation which we are about to give, and you at once demonstrate the antiquity and the divine origin of the utterance, and bind it in, as necessary a prelude to the thunders of Sinai as they were to the messages of Christ. The weakest point of Tayler Lewis's book is, perhaps, the total omission of any dis-

cussion as to the authority of the chapter. He asserts that the Saviour recognized the Pentateuch as Holy Scripture, and that this is enough. But this is a loose statement, and brings the authority of the Lord to prove the second account of creation as much as the first. Will Professor Lewis attempt to show on philological grounds that the account in the first chapter harmonizes with that in the second? Does he deny that the accounts came from different pens?

Professor Peirce's exposition ends with the first account, and he leaves the explanation of the second to other investigators. The first account is that for whose divine authority there is the strongest external and internal proof; as to the internal proof, it scarcely falls short of absolute demonstration.

Our Lord indorses the ten commandments with more distinctness than any other part of the Old Testament, and the fourth commandment refers to the first chapter of Genesis, and indorses it. This is a direct external proof. But this is set at naught by many Biblical critics, as being inconclusive. Yet there must have been at some time a revelation from God;—indeed, there must have been three, at three different times. First, the idea of God never could have originated in the native powers of the human mind. This may be proved by induction from psychology, and likewise by induction from history. That idea never entered the human mind except when its source could be traced back with great probability and referred to the Jews, and they received it first of all from the record that “in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” That the idea is not native to the human mind is evident also from the fact, that those who reject the divine authority of the Scriptures run into pantheism, or into materialistic atheism. Nevertheless, the human mind is adapted to receive ideas that it could not originate, and faith clings to the God who reveals himself, more ardently and firmly than it could to one whom reason had discovered. Secondly, when the idea of God had been fairly apprehended by the Jewish people, then came the law from Sinai. The idea of law is founded upon the idea of God. It could not have entered the minds of those to

whom the idea of God was not familiar. The notion of a law was introduced into the human mind by the thunders of Sinai. Then first came the idea of moral law, first the idea of civil and physical law. In none of the heathen writers is the idea of physical law so finely expressed as in the Hebrew prophets and the apocryphal books of Hebrew writers. And as for civil law, it cannot be denied that Moses is the oldest lawgiver whose legislation is extant, who shows any just conception of the nature of law. The idea of law is not native, but the mind is adapted to receive it; it recognizes and bows before the revealed will of God.

Thirdly, when the idea of law had become familiar to men's minds, and they perceived enough of the holiness of the moral law to understand their own guilt, they felt also the need of forgiveness. But whence could they obtain it? There was no promise of mercy, on which the soul could rely until the coming of Christ. And even since his coming, how slowly and painfully has faith in the mercy of God extended among the nations! Orthodox interpreters have spoken of their scheme of satisfaction to the law as transcending human powers of invention; whereas that scheme is eminently human, and like human devices. The petition in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our debts, for even we forgive our debtors," is the truly divine word, so far above the thoughts of men that it is with great difficulty that men can be persuaded that it is an acceptable prayer.

These three ideas, of the existence of an Almighty, All-wise, and Eternal God, of an immutable law founded on his will, of the free forgiveness of a transgressor upon his repentance, are ideas which could scarcely have entered the soul without a revelation, and are at all events historically traceable directly to three revelations; that in the first of Genesis, that in the twentieth of Exodus, and that in the Gospel of Matthew. The fulness of time for the advent of the Mediator was reached when a sufficient number of men, Jews and Gentiles, were impressed with the sense of the holiness of the law, and of their own inability to keep that law without transgression. The fulness of time to proclaim the law from Sinai had come when, by revelations from himself and miraculous providences, God

had made his own existence a reality to the minds of the sons of Abraham, and they were believers from the heart in the doctrine, that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

Thus we see that of necessity the burden of the earliest revelation should be the existence of God. Throughout the first chapter of Genesis the emphasis is upon the Divine name itself. It is not to the scientific arrangement of details that the writer calls our attention, nor to the chronological order of development, but to the origin of all things in the will or commandment of the Almighty.

With regard to the language employed, it must of course be human language, or it could not be understood, and it must be the language of an early and uncultivated time, a language rich in metaphor and figure, but utterly wanting in abstract and general terms. We are not to interpret the first chapter of Genesis as we would a chapter written in our own day, because the usages of language then must have been so different from what they now are.

There must have been an early revelation to the race of the existence of God. But if we suppose this revelation to have been made at all, we must suppose it to have been published in some such language as that of the first chapter of Genesis.

Let us try, for instance, to imagine that Enoch or Abraham had been inspired with a perfect knowledge of all that modern science has discovered concerning the constitution of the earth and the heavens. Let us also suppose that he was inspired with a knowledge of all that Christianity has revealed, and philosophy proved, concerning the being of God. The paucity of language in his day must have utterly prevented him from telling his knowledge to his fellow-men. The growth of language by which such ideas could be communicated must be a work of many ages. But suppose that this first prophet should essay to proclaim this one truth, that all things were created by God, and to state it in the most emphatic form, that God created the material of which everything is made; that God is the author of all the forces of nature; that he made the heavens above; that he made the earth beneath; that

he appointed the relations between the earth and its sister planets and the sun; that he created all plants and animals, and set man at the head of the animal kingdom, and endowed him with a wisdom that makes him also a child of God, and has given him a work to do and also reserved a rest for him. There is not a part of this statement which he can make in the direct terms in which we have now given it. He has no such word as material; manufactures were not yet in existence, and the idea of material had not entered men's minds. It could be expressed by representing things as first made in a confused condition, and as afterwards arranged. The representation of chaos existing before order was then probably not intended as an announcement of a fact in time; it was not intended to say that the earth was ever actually existing in a state of darkness and confusion, though this doubtless was a fact. But if Geology and Astronomy could prove that there never was a chaos, that would not disprove the truth intended to be conveyed by this representation, namely, that God created the material out of which all things were made; a truth which in that early state of human language could not have been conveyed in any other way, than by this mode of representing first a chaos. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and the earth was without form and void."

Again, the first prophet had no words by which he could say that God was the author of all the forces of nature. The conception of the forces of nature had not entered men's minds, and of course no words by which they could be referred to were in existence. Yet in declaring God to be the Creator, the first and most important thing to say, after declaring him to be the creator of all the material, is to say that he is the author of all the forces by which that material is arranged, and kept in harmonious action. And the only mode in which this could be done in so rude a language was to select the most striking, widely diffused and wonderful force known to uninstructed men, and to say God made that. "God said, Let there be light; and there was light," — light, which, to one whom science has not taught how to name the attraction of gravitation, is the most wonderful of all forces, revealing the existence not only of

the earth, but of the heavens, and showing itself thus the most striking symbol of the omnipresent power of God.

This creation of light is then the first act of God, first in the order of importance. But *order of importance* is too abstract a phrase to be expressed in that early Hebrew, and even such a word as *act* implies a generalization at which they had not arrived. But why regret it? The word *act* is not really applicable to God. He does not act nor speak. It is a bold figure of speech to say that God said, "Let there be light." The prophet who wrote this never intended to represent the Infinite Being as actually *speaking* a command; he intended to say that it was God's will that light should be, and it was. But there was no other way to say this then, and there is no better way to say it now, than to use figurative language, and say, "God said, Let there be light." In like manner, there was no other way then to represent the relative order of apparent importance, than to make it an order in time; and he does this in a figure which seems to us very bold, but which is in fact no bolder than to say that God spake; he does this by representing this creation of light as the first day's work of the Creator. To call it a day's work is in reality no farther from literal truth, than to call it work at all; and it has doubtless been to uncultivated men in all ages a figure that has been more powerful than any other could have been.

It will be perceived by this, that in this explanation of the first chapter of Genesis, the six days are not understood as really referring to time at all. The inspired writer wishes to assert in the strongest manner that God was the creator of all things. To do this he would assert him to be creator of six different classes, including all objects in nature, and he would state these classes in the natural order of thought, that is to say, in the order of their relative apparent importance. And this he does by the bold, figurative way of representing these as the work of six successive periods, using an order of time to express order of importance, or order of thought.

So that, if science could prove that no six periods of creation in time ever existed, whether of a day's length or of ages', that would not conflict with the account in the first of Genesis, as thus explained, because it must

always be true that the natural order of thought would lead to such a series of views as is here given.

When our first prophet has declared that God had created all things, the material out of which they were made, and the forces by which they are upheld and governed, he naturally turns next to the heavens. There must always be an instinctive feeling, despite the errors of early science, that the stars are greater than the earth. The stars, moving in their serene and glorious order, have always awakened a sort of reverential awe, and uncultivated men have even worshipped them as gods. The Hebrews looked upon the sky as a solid blue vault, above which was an ocean of water, out of which came the treasures of the rain, when the windows of heaven were opened.

No other language concerning the sky could be used by our first divinely illumined prophet than that which implies these errors. So in our own English we call the sky a dome, as though it really had a shape, or we call it heaven, as though it had been *heaven* or *hove* up; and when we say He made the heavens, that He made the sun to rise, or the moon to set, we are not guilty of any falsehood, although it is true that the moon does not set, nor the sun rise, these phenomena being produced by the earth's motion. When we say that God makes the sun rise, the proposition is not true in its literal signification, for the sun does not rise, it stands still while the earth turns over. But this literal signification is not what we mean to convey. We mean to assert that it is God who causes the return of sunlight, it is God who makes the change which produces what is called sunrise, and this is as grand a truth to us who understand that the sun stands still, as it is to the savage who imagines him to move.

So when our first prophet declares that God made a firmament holding up the waters above, he does not mean to say that the sky is solid, and that the storehouse of rain is kept above it, but he does mean to say that God made the blue apparent vault above us, and all the heavenly worlds, — all that we can see by looking away from the earth; and there was no other way in the early Hebrew language in which he could have spoken of the sky than as a firmament, nor of the storehouse of rain,

than as an ocean above the firmament. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any really better language could be selected now.

The third great object that claims the attention of man is the earth whereon he stands. This mother earth, worshipped by many nations of antiquity as a goddess, and supposed to have the power in itself of originating the various plants which clothe its surface, — this is declared to be the workmanship of the Almighty God. Not only the nations of antiquity worshipped it as a Divinity, and supposed it to be the generator of plants, but even in our own days, and among cultivated people, two different doctrines have been advocated, inconsistent with the declaration of the inspired record. Some have maintained that every plant has sprung from a seed, and that seed from a plant, and that this order has been eternal. Others have said that, under certain circumstances, the earth will of its own power generate plants without any seed. In opposition to both these views stands the declaration of this inspired first chapter of Genesis, saying, Nay, it was God who formed the earth, disposed its proportions of land and water, clothed it with vegetable life, and gave each plant the power to perpetuate its kind. It declares this in the only way in which so early a language could declare it, namely, by stating, in bold figurative language, that God said, Let the dry land appear, let the seas be formed, let the plants and trees sprout forth.

The fourth point to which the mind of the prophet, illuminated by the knowledge of God and of creation, would revert, would be the mutual relations between the earth and the heavenly bodies. But he would have in that age of the world and that state of human language no words in which he could speak of mutual relationship. Yet having said that God made the heavens above and the earth beneath, he would wish to declare them both parts of a mighty whole. The earth is a satellite of the sun, the moon of the earth, the sun of the stars. The life and motion on the earth are directly dependent on the sun and moon; on the sun for light and heat, on the moon for tides. Moreover, the only convenient mode of measuring time for man is by the sun and moon, which give us days and months and years. Thus all this mutual inter-

dependence is declared in the simple language of the age, by saying that God made the sun to rule the day, the moon to rule the night, and set them in the heavens for signs and for seasons,—he made the stars also. All this mutual interdependence resulted from the express purpose of God.

By remembering that according to our explanation the days' works have no real reference to time, but are only a figure to represent the successive movements of the prophet's own mind looking at the works of God, it will be seen that there is no real difficulty in the sun's having been created on the fourth day, while light was created on the first, and plants which grow by sunshine were created on the third. The real assertion is not that which is literally contained in the words, namely, that the sun was not made until a day after the plants were. The order of days is not an order of time, and the days are not periods of time. The order is an order of thought in the mind of the beholder, and the emphasis in the statement of the fourth day's work is to be laid on the ruling of the day and night, and the signs and seasons of the year.

In the fifth place, the prophet's mind turns to the animals of the waters and of the air, the creatures apparently lowest in the scale. We say in the fifth place, he says on the fifth day. But place is really as strong a figure when applied to the acts of creation, or the movements of the mind, as day or day's work; it is only from the greater familiarity of the figure, that we do not find so much difficulty in understanding it.

The Egyptians supposed that the animals of the water were generated from the mud of the Nile. Others have said that the succession of parentage among them has been from eternity. But our prophet says, No, God was the creator of all inferior animals; it was a special act of his will that gave the water a prolific power for a time, a power which it does not now retain.

In the sixth place, God created the higher animals. They are not to be considered as self-generating creatures. Many natives of antiquity have worshipped various animals, but they were in the most grievous error; all these animals are the mere creatures of God. And man himself is God's workmanship. He stands at the

head of the animal series, having dominion over them all. He stands at the head of the series, being its crowning point; and yet he is separated from them all, by his possession of a moral and intellectual nature so vastly exalted above the rest, that he may be considered as much allied to their Creator as to them. He is made in God's image, in the image of the Creator, being creative power in a limited extent, and also the power of understanding the law and plan of creation.

Thus the heavens and the earth are finished, the mental survey in the prophet's mind is finished. His spirit rests; he feels joy at the completion of his survey and of his declaration. Then he remembers that God, who causes the necessary motion of the heavens, and who has appointed to every creature its work to be done, has also given to every living creature rest. Man, with all the brute creation, sleeps by night, and finds refreshment in the grateful vicissitude of light and darkness. But unto man is a higher rest granted. There is a rest of the spirit infinitely more grateful than that of the body. In this completion of the prophet's work, in the joy which this utterance has given him, is a spiritual rest, the pledge of some better rest for man, when the work of life is done, — rest in the bosom of God.

Now God is the giver of rest. It is his mercy that appointed darkness and sleep for the animals, and for man's body; rest for man's spirit in wakeful hours, the rest of a clear conscience, and the joy of heavenly contemplation. But all this is expressed in the simple language of early times by saying, that on the seventh day God rested from his labors, and hallowed the seventh day as a day of rest.

What then is this first account of creation, — this account in what has been called "*the Elohim document*"? It is an extended statement of the fact, that all things were created by one Almighty will. It declares Him to be the creator of matter, and the author of those forces by which it is governed; the maker of the heavens above, and of the earth beneath; the intelligent framer of all the complicated machinery of the physical world; and the maker of all the tribes of vegetable and animated beings to which that world is adapted; the Creator of man, with all his powers, to whom he has appointed a work and for whom he has provided a rest.

But if this is a divine utterance, it will bear examination upon every side. Although the periods of creation are not primarily intended to represent time, but are introduced for the purpose of marking the transition of thought in the mind of a beholder, yet as that thought is guided by a divine influence, the transitions will be natural, and correspond to a chronological order. Thus the statement of chaos is intended as the only statement possible, in that early form of thought and language, of the fact that matter is not eternal, but was made by God. Yet there may have been a chaos; and if mathematical analysis will allow Laplace's hypothesis to stand, there was a chaos in the beginning. Again, the creation of light as the first fruit of the Spirit moving over chaos, was primarily intended as a declaration that God was the author of all those forces of nature for which there was then no general term, but which were expressed, in a figure, by naming the most glorious of them, and the most striking, light; which spread over all the earth, bursting from chaos, from ancient darkness, when the evening and the morning were the first day. Yet the researches of the nineteenth century show that this must also be chronologically true, that light was coeval with creation; since there is no chemical action without light. Moreover the strictest philosophy shows, that the first act towards forming the Kosmos must have been in the creation of those forces, of which light is taken as the type, and for the whole of which it is figuratively put.

Again, the heavens are mentioned immediately after the light, because of their being the grandest object revealed by light. But if any modification of Laplace's hypothesis will stand mathematical tests, the heavens were actually the next born in time, as the masses of gaseous matter separated to form suns and planets. In like manner, the order in which the earth is mentioned was on this hypothesis also the chronological order of its formation. And the fourth day's work, explained, as we have explained it, in the order of thought, as the establishment of the mutual interdependence of terrestrial and celestial things, is thus brought into the natural order of time.* The fifth and sixth days are according to geol-

* We cannot but here insert a note upon the coincidence of this view

ogy in their true chronological order. The seventh day also presents no difficulty, as in chronological order it would simply refer to God's cessation from the work of creation.

We give this chronological explanation briefly, because it does not differ essentially from Guyot's, and because we regard it as a merely secondary explanation. The central thought requires us to look, not for chronological order, but for an exhaustive statement of the origin of all existences in the self-existent God.

Another secondary explanation, true, like the chronological, because of the divine character of the utterance which renders it true in every aspect, may be found in supposing it to be an answer to the secret workings of an atheistic or a pantheistic heart. Does the fool say in his heart, "There is no God, — matter is eternal, — and the order of the world sprang from a fortuitous concourse of atoms"? The prophet meets him with the declaration, that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, when yet the earth was without form and void. But he may say, "These secret powers which I see working in matter, this heat which vivifies all things, this electricity which works such marvellous effects, this light that extends through all creation, — these are the divine forces that rule the world, these are the gods that I will worship." Nay, answers the Divine Word, all these are the creations of God; He said, "Let there be light," and there was light. Or in earlier stages of the world's history, men said, "The sun and moon are divine, the stars are the true gods; from the heavens descend the sunshine and the rain, and the sweet influence of the Pleiades; to them we owe our fruitful seasons." And the early prophet answered, God made the firmament, and his are the treasures of the rain, the waters above the firmament. All that you see above is the work of his hand.

Others saw in the earth a beneficent mother. They thought that she brought forth the fruits in their season, and generated plants in her secret laboratory. This vegetative life, is it not a divine self-working thing? No, is

with the purely philological argument of Tayler Lewis, by which he would show that it was the sun's *ruling* the day which was the fourth day's work.

the answer of the record, the vegetable nature is the work of God. HE disposed the seas and the dry land, HE said, Let the earth bring forth the green thing; and these plants which now have the power of generating their like, have not run in an eternal cycle; there was a time when, at the word of God, the first plant began to grow.

Looking about now for new manifestations of power which may reveal the Deity to be worshipped, men would observe the eternal Kosmos, the order and harmony of creation. This mutual fitting of the whole to the least part, and each part to the whole, giving each smallest thing an infinite number of relations to all things else, can we imagine this the work of arrangement and plan? It is too vast and complicated. Surely these things either came by chance, or else grew into their present form, and the vast Kosmos is an organic growth of eternal duration. To which the prophet replies, Nay, all these things were ordained of God; HE made the sun to rule the day, and the moon the night; HE made the stars also; and appointed these heavenly bodies for signs and for seasons upon earth.

Still another form of vital power is unexplained. This animate creation, did it spring from the earth, or has it not a divine energy in itself, reproducing its like in an eternal cycle? This generative power of animate nature was worshipped by Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, under different forms. But the Sacred Record expressly says, God made the waters and the air bring forth abundantly, and he gave to animals the breath of life.

The last refuge of idolatry is in man himself. Our modern philosophers assure us that God first reached self-consciousness when he blossomed in the human race. "We," they say, "are the true divinity. It is our thought that gives order and beauty to the world, and we draw from Nature only what we give to her. The life of the world, the world-soul, developed itself in us as the highest development, and we are the divinest things in existence; we are the flower and fruit of the Divinity; we are the highest God."

But against this modern blasphemy the most ancient record says that God made man in his own image; divine as he seems, he is but the creature of God's workmanship; not an unconscious growth of God's nature, but the direct creation of God's will.

And the last refuge of atheism is in the objections that may be raised to the doctrine already announced. "If light is the Divine creation, why does it fail us during half of every day? If plants are the work of God, why does he suffer them to die or lie dormant half the year? If the breath of life is given by him, why do animals pass half their time in sleep? Is not he able to keep them in the constant enjoyment of active life? Why does man himself pass half his time in this temporary death? And if God made these things in the beginning, why can he not make them now? Why do we never see or hear of the creation of new creatures now?" Against all this, the first prophet provides an answer: God rested on the seventh day, he ceased from creation; and he has appointed to each creature hours of rest; it was part of his plan that light should alternate with darkness, summer with winter, to give this opportunity of rest.

Other secondary explanations can be given, or these can be carried out into minuter detail, and all will remain equally true, so long as they are taken as secondary views, and the main thought, the central view, is understood to be the exhaustive statement of the fact that God is the absolute creator and originator of all things. But this would not have been so, had not the statement been made under Divine guidance. Man's work is applicable only to a single use; it is God's work only that fulfils many uses with a single instrument.

This first chapter of Genesis implies a correct knowledge of the world, so far as we yet know it, and yet is so written as to be entirely independent for its interpretation upon the discoveries of human science. It was not written by a philosopher or man of science. It could not have been written at any late period, even so late as the age of Solomon, to which Ewald assigns it, for even then abstract forms of language and scientific nomenclature had begun to appear. A human cosmogony written then, must have borne marks in its style of philosophic and abstract thought. Nothing of the kind appears here. The language is all simply the description of phenomena, as they appear to every eye. The philosophy is an absence of all philosophy, in the simple statement that God said let such a thing be done, and it

was done. Nor could it have then contained the scientific knowledge which it does. Indeed, there is no period between Solomon's reign and the present hour when such a thing could have been written, containing so much scientific truth, with such an entire absence of philosophic language.

Will any man say that the Egyptians were learned in science, and that Moses might have obtained his scientific knowledge from them, and then endeavored to clothe it in the simple terms of the Hebrew language? We reply, that there was no science in Egypt. The notion of lost science is absurd. Arts may be lost, because arts are but temporary conveniences; but science cannot be lost, since it grasps hold of eternal truths. If there had been any science in Egypt, it would have left its impress on all languages. The very terms in which Moses wrote his laws would have betrayed his scientific knowledge, if he had learned any from human teachers. Cicero and Aristophanes, writers who never touched science as a specific theme, betray to us the amount of mathematical and physical science extant in their respective times. In like manner, the orators and poets of our century allude constantly to modern triumphs of science. Language is the record of human thought. The very forms of the words that come down to us from ancient times show that no scientific thoughts ever came from Egypt. But it may be said the priests in Egypt concealed their science, and let no knowledge of it reach the people; so that it could not appear in the general literature of the age. To this we reply, that this is contrary to human nature. Science is diffusive, and the moment that a man attains a scientific view of any idea, he seeks to publish it. It is art that conceals its results or processes. If the Egyptian priests concealed their foreknowledge of an eclipse, for purposes of priestcraft, we may be assured that they did not know the cause of the eclipse. They foretold it only empirically, by knowing that the eclipse returned in a cycle after a number of years. If they had arrived at a knowledge of the cause, they would have published it.

No! the simplicity of language and the profundity of knowledge in this first chapter of Genesis stamp it at once with an age of great antiquity, before men had

speculated upon philosophic or scientific questions, and thus stamp it with the seal of a Divine origin. It was not written by a poet, nor by a man of learning; the language forbids either supposition; it would have been impossible for them not to have betrayed themselves by their speech. Yet it is full of the grandest thought and the profoundest knowledge. Above all, its main purpose is to reveal that Being, whom the unaided reason could never have clearly known. Thus do we prove that it is a revelation from God, — a revelation of his own existence, as the necessary forerunner to his promulgation of the law; just as that was a preparation for the message of the Mediator.

Most of our modern critics have looked at the first of Genesis either with the eye of the sceptic, or with the eye of the geologist. Tayler Lewis reads it with the eye of a Christian scholar. Professor Peirce reads it with the eye of the mechanician, to whom forces are greater than facts or words. Guyot looks at the creation as phenomena in Space, Lewis as phenomena in Time, Peirce as the enunciation of the forces that produce the phenomena, — phenomena revealing themselves from the ideas of God, realized in forms by the word of His Power. The three views are not antagonistic, but separate views of the same divine utterance recorded in the first of Genesis; Peirce's being, we think, the truly central view, harmonizing the other two.

It may be asked, "If this first chapter of Genesis is thus divine, why did Moses append to it the second account?" We answer, that the second account, antagonistic as it is to the first, if taken as an account of the creation, may have an entirely different purpose. It may need only the keen eye of a moral geologist or a moral mechanician to look at this second account, and read the moral tale there given, to enable a Christian philologist to draw from it all the beauty and grandeur of the first chapter. But at all events, is it no proof of Moses' divine guidance, that he placed the first account in the first place? If scientific scoffers have stumbled so much over this glorious first chapter, what would they have done over the second had the first been wanting? Taking it then as the account of creation, they

would have found all the order of thought and time inverted, — the man made before the garden, and before the lower animals, while the woman was made afterwards. No exegesis could reconcile it with philosophy or science. But now, with this account of creation that does harmonize with science and philosophy standing first, the divine wisdom of Moses is vindicated; and we are forced to conclude that the second account is not primarily designed as an account of creation, but for some other purpose that may hereafter clear itself up to the eye of the devout and patient student.

T. H.

ART. IV. — LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE REV.
SYDNEY SMITH.*

AMONG the early contributors to the Edinburgh Review no one exerted a larger influence at the time, or has since gained a more extended reputation, than the Rev. Sydney Smith. He was the first editor and for many years one of the brightest ornaments of that journal. His connection with it lasted for a quarter of a century; and during this long period he wrote much for it, and upon a great variety of subjects. Nor was it by his contributions to periodical literature alone that he sought to reach the public mind. By his pamphlets and published letters he became still more widely known; and now his fame is coextensive with the English language, and his writings are everywhere regarded as among the most brilliant productions of their kind in English literature. But beyond the general knowledge of his characteristics implied in this reputation, little was known of his personal habits and domestic virtues outside of the circle in which he moved. It was natural, therefore, that those who were most familiar with him, and who saw how little he was generally understood,

* *A Memoir of the REVEREND SYDNEY SMITH.* By his Daughter, LADY HOLLAND. With a Selection from his Letters, edited by MRS. AUSTIN. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855. 12mo. pp. 378, 511.

should desire to make others better acquainted with the high qualities of mind and heart which they knew he possessed. Especially was it natural that she who had been his cherished companion and had shared his most secret thoughts through so many years, should desire to exhibit to others, in the manifold graces of his daily life, the sources of his power as a writer.

To the grateful task of collecting materials for a fit memorial of his manly virtues, she dedicated her declining years; and upon her own death she bequeathed the papers and letters which she had carefully collected, transcribed, and arranged, to her eldest daughter, the wife of a distinguished London physician. "You know," she wrote to her daughter, "the great occupation of my life has been to collect materials for some future memorial of my noble-hearted husband." And again: "Time goes rapidly on; I tremble at each day's delay. To have this matter unsettled is the only thing that makes death terrible."* The materials thus collected form the basis of the volumes before us, and present to the reader a new phase of Sydney Smith's moral and intellectual character. The first volume contains a very pleasant biographical sketch by Lady Holland, narrating the principal incidents in the uneventful life of her father, and clearly portraying his character. In richness of anecdote, and for the vividness of impression which it produces upon the mind of a reader, this sketch leaves nothing to be desired. Its prominent defects are a want of fulness and minuteness upon many points, and too great a disregard to exactness in the dates. The second volume is composed wholly of letters, which his friend Mrs. Austin introduces by a judicious and well-written Preface. As a letter-writer Sydney Smith will take very high rank. His letters differ widely from those of his friends, Horner, Mackintosh, and Jeffrey; but they are full of wit, humor, and lively nonsense, and are among the best specimens of epistolary composition which we owe to any writer in this century.

Sydney Smith was born at Woodford in Essex, on the 4th of June, 1771, and was the second of four brothers. Of the eldest of these, Robert, better known

* Vol. I. p. 292, note.

under his school-boy *sobriquet* of Bobus, Sir James Mackintosh says, in a letter from India, "His fame is greater than that of any pundit since the time of Menu." But in the end this fame was entirely overshadowed by the more splendid reputation which Sydney acquired. His father was a man of considerable talents, but of great eccentricity, who bought, altered, spoiled, and then sold about nineteen different places, and finally died at a very advanced age, when Sydney had become one of the marked men of the time. His mother was the youngest daughter of a French emigrant, and possessed great beauty of person and character. From her it is probable that he inherited much of the liveliness of his character and the versatility of his talents. At an early age he was sent to school at Southampton, from which he was transferred to the foundation at Winchester, with his youngest brother, Courtenay. Here he distinguished himself so greatly, that the other boys sent a round-robin to the Head Master, "refusing to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them any more, as they always gained them." But notwithstanding the assiduity with which he prosecuted his studies, he seems in later years to have regarded his school life as among his most disagreeable recollections, and in the *Edinburgh Review* he gave unmistakable expression to his opinions on the subject of education as commonly conducted. "I believe," he used to say, "while a boy at school, I made above ten thousand Latin verses; and no man in his senses would dream in after-life of ever making another. So much for life and time wasted."* And in 1839, he writes: "I feel for —, about her son at Oxford; knowing, as I do, that the only consequences of a university education are the growth of vice and the waste of money."† While at Winchester, he suffered much from the scantiness of the diet and the roughness of the discipline through which the younger boys were obliged to work their way to the upper forms. Doubtless these causes contributed to the growth of his deeply seated aversion for the English system of education.

After leaving Winchester, he spent six months in Nor-

* Vol. I. p. 18.

† Vol. II. p. 402.

mandy to perfect himself in French, and whilst there he enrolled himself as a member of a Jacobin Club, — a circumstance which seems to have been wholly unknown to his early critics. Even the Quarterly Reviewers make no reference to it in their attacks upon his character and writings; and this silence can only be attributed to their ignorance of a fact out of which they would have made so much. Upon his return to England he became a Fellow of New College, Oxford; but of his college life we have no information, either in the memoir by his daughter or in his own letters. His next important step was the choice of a profession; and in this his own wishes were overruled by his father. Instead of entering the profession of the law, to which all his inclinations pointed, he became the curate of the small village of Netherhaven, in the middle of Salisbury Plain. Here he managed to make himself agreeable to the Squire, who at the end of two years requested him to resign the curacy and accompany his eldest son to the University of Weimar in Saxony. "We set out," Sydney tells us in the Preface to the collected edition of his Works; "but before reaching our destination, Germany was disturbed by war, and, in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years." At that time Edinburgh was full of rising young men, with many of whom he soon became acquainted; and taking advantage of this unexpected change in his plans, he here laid the foundation of friendships which were terminated only by death. The brilliancy of his wit and his clear and penetrating intellect at once made him a general favorite, and in the cultivated society into which he was constantly thrown he passed some of the happiest hours of his life. "When shall I see Scotland again?" he wrote after many years. "Never shall I forget the happy days I passed there, amidst odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts, and most enlightened and cultivated understandings." *

After he had been in Edinburgh two years, he returned to England for the purpose of marrying a lady whom he had known for many years, and to whom he had been for a long time engaged, Miss Pybus, a sister of one of

* Vol. II. p. 119.

the Lords of the Admiralty under the younger Pitt. This marriage gave great offence to the brother of Miss Pybus, and the young couple were consequently compelled to begin life with somewhat narrow means. The new wife was even obliged to sell a necklace which had belonged to her sister, to buy the necessary plate and linen for the household. "It was lucky," says Lady Holland, "that Miss Pybus had some fortune, for my father's only contribution toward their future *ménage* (save his own talents and character) were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, in the madness of his joy, he came running into the room, and flung these into her lap, saying, 'There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!'"* With this small fortune he returned to Edinburgh and commenced house-keeping.

It was not long after his marriage that he proposed, at a casual meeting with Horner or Brougham at Jeffrey's residence, to set up a Review. The proposition was received with favor; he was appointed to the editorial charge of the new journal; and on the 10th of October, 1802, the first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared. It contained seven articles from his own pen, all but one of which are included in the collected edition of his Works, five by Jeffrey, four by Horner, four which are commonly attributed to Brougham, and nine by other writers of lesser note. At this distance of time it is not easy to appreciate the effect produced by the first appearance of this celebrated journal; but it is universally admitted that the effect upon the public at large was not less remarkable than the fresh strength and the bolder and more confident tone which it infused into periodical criticism. In the hands of the strong and brilliant men who managed it and wrote for it, criticism became a dignified and important vocation, and a greater impulse was given to the cause of polite learning than had been felt for many years. To this result Sydney Smith largely contributed. His articles were utterly unlike anything which had previously been known. They were brief, but they were pointed; and their sterling good

* Vol. I. p. 28.

sense and manly advocacy of liberal principles were relieved by flashes of the most brilliant wit and the most contemptuous sarcasm. In his serious moments the vigor of his understanding and the closeness of his reasoning carried the reader along in a chain of close and cogent argument; and when he gave play to his fancy, his powers of ridicule placed him in the first rank of humorists.

To the *Edinburgh Review* he contributed seventy-seven articles, and he only ceased to write for it when he became a Canon of the Cathedral at Bristol in 1828. His contributions to it were upon a great variety of topics, but they all indicate the peculiar bent of his mind, and are all rich with mingled wit and wisdom. Among the subjects which engaged his attention during his connection with periodical literature were the Methodists, the Catholic Question, the Game Laws, America, Counsel for Prisoners, Education, Public Schools, Spring-Guns, Chimney-Sweepers, Botany Bay, and many others equally indicative of his large and liberal views. Several of these articles produced a great effect at the time, and contributed much to the final success of the cause which they advocated. In this connection we may cite his own opinion of their character, contained in a petulant letter to Lord Jeffrey, written after he had been a leading contributor for many years.

"Foston, August 7th, 1819.

"MY DEAR JEFFREY:—You must consider that *Edinburgh* is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal of the extreme dulness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the Review, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. I am a very ignorant, frivolous, half-inch person; but, such as I am, I am sure I have done your Review good, and contributed to bring it into notice. Such as I am, I shall be, and cannot promise to alter. Such is my opinion of the effect of my articles. I differ with you entirely about Lieutenant Heude. To do such things very often would be absurd; to punish a man every now and then for writing a frivolous book is wise and proper; and you would find, if you lived in England,

that the review of Lieutenant Heude is talked of and quoted for its fun and impertinence, when graver and abler articles are thumbed over and passed by. Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the Review would have written a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the Game Laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay upon such a subject; and I am equally certain that the principles are *right*, and that there is no lack of sense in it.

"So I judge myself; but after all, the practical appeal is to you. If you think my assistance of no value, I am too just a man to be angry with you upon that account; but while I write, I must write in my own way. All that I meant to do with Lord Selkirk's case was to state it.

"I am extremely sorry for Moore's misfortune, but only know, generally, that he has met with misfortune. God bless you!

"Your sincere friend,

"SYDNEY SMITH."*

He remained in Edinburgh long enough to edit one number of the Review, and then removed to England, and in 1804 took a small house in London. Here he continued to reside until the summer of 1809, when he went down to Yorkshire to take possession of the living of Foston-le-Clay, which had been conferred upon him by Lord Erskine several years before, whilst the Whigs were in the enjoyment of their short tenure of power and patronage. During his residence in London he officiated as preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and at Fitzroy and Berkley Chapels. Here he early obtained great popularity as a pulpit orator, less indeed from the intrinsic excellence of his sermons than from their great superiority to the sermons of most of the clergymen of the Established Church, and from the earnest and eloquent manner in which they were delivered. Pulpit eloquence in England had at that time fallen to a very low ebb, and even the name of sermon had become a byword of contempt; this was especially the case within the Establishment, which numbered among its members no rising man to rival the pre-eminence already obtained by Robert Hall among the Dissenters. In the Preface to the second volume of a small collection of Sermons, which he had published as early as 1801, Sydney Smith had bewailed this decline of pulpit oratory, and had pointed out some of the causes to which he conceived it was owing. This

* Vol. II. pp. 178, 179.

Preface was omitted from the later edition of his Sermons, for some reason which does not very clearly appear, but it is reprinted by Lady Holland in the memoir before us, and from it we take a brief and characteristic extract.* After speaking of the bad choice of subjects for the pulpit, and the injudicious manner in which they were treated, he adds:—

“To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad manner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plenitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium; if, by mischance, his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone, or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his ani-

* The edition of his Sermons published in 1801 is in two small volumes, each containing a Preface, and is dedicated to Lord Webb Seymour. In the edition published in 1809, both Prefaces, the Dedication, and four of the fourteen discourses comprised in the earlier edition, are omitted. Among the suppressed sermons is a remarkable discourse, *On the Predisposing Causes to the Reception of Republican Opinions*, which with much that is feeble and commonplace, contains some striking passages. Some of these passages, however, are incorporated in the sermon, *On the Love of our Country*. The following is one of the passages which have thus been transferred from their context, and is also a favorable specimen of his style. “It would seem, also,” he says, “that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere are considered to be attained only by study, and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom. At the same time, there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding, than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local, and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations, and awkward complexity of real life; and to follow out the magnificent theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage,—is a task which they will fear most who know it best; a task in which the great and the good have failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just, in common men to avoid.”

mated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion, should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church, and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else, with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men, as Eve was from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field-preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?"—Vol. I. pp. 50, 51.

With these views of the proper style and manner for the preacher to adopt, it was natural that his own delivery should be marked by great freedom and boldness, and that his fervent and impressive manner should fascinate hearers who had become equally accustomed to mediocrity in the sermon and feebleness in its delivery. It was not less natural that such persons should overestimate the merits of his early sermons. His later sermons, as published in his collected Works, exhibit a marked improvement over his earlier discourses; but of the fifty sermons contained in the two volumes published in 1809, not more than six or eight would be generally read if they were now printed for the first time. They are, in general, brief and commonplace productions, with little originality of thought or brilliancy of expression; and it is certain that much of their success was owing to their animated delivery and the reputation which the preacher enjoyed. Yet we occasionally meet with those eloquent passages and witty expressions which characterize his other writings. Thus, in a truculent sermon on Methodism, a subject which occasioned him much mental exercise, he says the Methodists of his day spoke "of men of all other persuasions as the children of darkness and error, pitying the whole world besides themselves, and thanking God with a very needless and impious gratitude that he has made them so much wiser and better than other human beings."* In speaking of that

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. I. p. 287.

spurious philanthropy which so many persons regard as an easy stalking-horse to ride into public notice and favor upon, he describes it as "a passion dwelling more often on the lip than in the heart, and rather a theme on which we declaim, than a motive from which we act."* Elsewhere he says: "Virtue is so delightful, whenever it is perceived, that men have found it their interest to cultivate manners, which are, in fact, the appearances of certain virtues; and now we are come to love the sign better than the thing signified, and indubitably to prefer (though we never own it) manners without virtue, to virtue without manners."† But perhaps the finest passage in these Sermons is the opening of the discourse for the Blind.

"If any man were to require," he begins, "at my hands, a proof of the authenticity of that Gospel by the principles of which we have this day been edified, and in obedience to which we are now gathered together, after I had laid before him the cogent and the luminous reasoning which men, mighty in the Scriptures, have put forth to confound impiety, and to resolve doubt, after I had read to him the words of that Saviour who spake as never man spake before, after I had strove by these means to teach him that, though shrouded in the tomb, he would behold his Redeemer on the last day, I would turn to the daily life and the daily mercies of Christians; I would say, Let us judge the tree by its fruit; if it is productive only of idle ceremonies and trifling observances, hew it down, and cast it into the flames; but if it can cause the lame to walk, the leper to be cleansed, the deaf to hear, and the blind to receive their sight,—if it brings forth, in their due season, the fruits of mercy,—then is that tree planted by God,—then are its roots too deep for the tempest,—then shall its branches flourish to the clouds,—then shall all the nations of the earth gather under its shade.

"Try it, then, by this test; refer the proofs of the Gospel's authenticity to the criterion of active provident compassion.—It studies classes, and relieves every misery of our nature; it is not sufficient for the refined and zealous benevolence of these times, to confuse the varieties of misfortune, by extending the same indiscriminate aid to sufferers, who agree in nothing but the common characteristic of grief;—each individual calamity experiences a distinct compassion, is cherished with its appropriate comforts, and healed by its specific remedies. The maniac is shut out from the tumults of the world, the Magdalene weeps

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. II. p. 55.

† Ibid., Vol. II. p. 190.

over the Gospel of Christ, and washes his name with her tears; — a mother is given to the foundling, — a Samaritan to the wounded, — the drowned person is called back from the dead, — the forsaken youth is snatched from the dominion of vice, — a soul is breathed into the deaf and dumb, — and the child-bearing woman, when she thinks of the days of her anguish, knoweth that she has where to lay her head. In every corner of this Christian land, some edifice rises up consecrated to mercy; — a tabernacle of healing, ample enough to call down the blessings of God upon a city, and to wipe out half their sins. In the midst of this magnificent benevolence, the children of the Gospel have not forgotten the misfortunes of the blind; they have pitied their long darkness, and remembered that the light is sweet, that it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun.”*

In the years 1804, 1805, and 1806 he read a course of lectures before the Royal Institution, in London, on Moral, or rather Mental Philosophy. To the discharge of this duty he brought only a limited acquaintance with the subject and very little taste for the discussion of metaphysical questions. Yet his lectures had great success; the hall was crowded long before the hour for him to begin; and little else was talked of in cultivated society. As thoughtful contributions to metaphysical literature, they do not possess much merit; but nothing can exceed them in brilliancy of wit, felicity of illustration, and the admirable tact with which the dullest and driest topics are made interesting. For a popular treatment of metaphysical questions, they stand entirely alone. Sydney Smith's own opinion of their real merits, we may add, appears to have been much too low; for after using two or three of the manuscripts in the preparation of articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, he began to destroy the rest, and in a letter to Dr. Whewell written only two years before his death he says: “My lectures are gone to the dogs, and are utterly forgotten. I knew nothing of moral philosophy, but I was thoroughly aware that I wanted £200 to furnish my house. The success, however, was prodigious; all Albemarle Street was blocked up with carriages, and such an uproar as I never remember to have been excited by any other literary imposture. Every week I had a new theory about conception and perception; and supported by a natural manner, a tor-

* Two Volumes of Sermons, Vol. I. pp. 125, 126.

rent of words, and an impudence scarcely credible in this prudent age. Still, in justice to myself, I must say there were some good things in them. But good and bad are all gone." * Fortunately, however, for his own reputation, and for his readers, this statement is not entirely correct. Through the intercession of his wife, the larger part of his lectures had been preserved, and after his death they were published, though in an imperfect and fragmentary form. With the qualification which we have indicated, they do him great credit, and are among the most delightful of his writings.

About the same time, towards the close of 1807, he published *Peter Plymley's Letters to his Brother Abraham*,—perhaps the most brilliant and successful composition of its kind which has appeared in our language, with the exception of some of Swift's pamphlets. These letters were published anonymously, and Smith very carefully endeavored to preserve the secret of their authorship, but without much success, though he never acknowledged them until more than thirty years after they were written. "The government of that day," he tells us in the Preface to his collected writings, "took great pains to find out the author; all that they could find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author: I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the Letters in this collection; they had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold." Nothing can exceed the bitterness and brilliancy of these letters, the pungency of the satire, the virulence of the party spirit, or the cogency of the reasoning in the argumentative parts. Throughout he speaks of Canning as "a pert London joker," of Perceval as "a second-rate lawyer, with the head of a country parson, and the tongue of an Old Bailey lawyer," and of all who opposed Catholic Emancipation in an equally contemptuous manner. The letters abound in personalities of the most stinging character, and the most unsparing ridicule of the views of his opponents. Every argument is barbed with a sneer; and

* Vol. II. pp. 456, 457.

the impression produced by the whole is that of great logical power united with great keenness of wit and consummate skill in all the arts of controversy. It would be easy to multiply extracts in illustration of the fertility of fancy, the shrewdness of argument, and the bitterness of sarcasm contained in these remarkable letters. But one or two brief extracts will be sufficient for our present purpose, and perhaps no single passage better exhibits all these characteristics than the following, which we copy from the fourth letter.

"If the great mass of the people," he says, "environed as they are on every side with Jenkinsons, Percevals, Melvilles, and other perils, were to pray for divine illumination and aid, what more could Providence in its mercy do than send them the example of Scotland? For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood; this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed; but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysical people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with one hand, and holding his Calvinistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then, as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightnings descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries who foretold all these consequences are utterly forgotten; and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain. In the six hundredth year of our empire over Ireland, we are making laws to transport a man, if he is found out of his house after eight o'clock at night. That this is necessary, I know too well; but tell me why it is necessary? It is not necessary in Greece where the Turks are masters."

Scarcely less witty and sarcastic is the following pas-

sage from the ninth letter. After speaking of the grand juries in Ireland as the great scene of jobbing, he continues:—

“ But there is a religion, it seems, even in jobs; and it will be highly gratifying to Mr. Perceval to learn that no man in Ireland who believes in seven sacraments can carry a public road, or bridge, one yard out of the direction most beneficial to the public, and that nobody can cheat that public who does not expound the Scriptures in the purest and most orthodox manner. This will give pleasure to Mr. Perceval: but, from his unfairness upon these topics, I appeal to the justice and proper feelings of Mr. Huskisson. I ask him if the human mind can experience a more dreadful sensation than to see its own jobs refused, and the jobs of another religion perpetually succeeding? I ask him his opinion of a jobless faith, of a creed which dooms a man through life to a lean and plunderless integrity. He knows that human nature cannot and will not bear it; and if we were to paint a political Tartarus, it would be an endless series of snug expectations and cruel disappointments. These are a few of many dreadful inconveniences which the Catholics of all ranks suffer from the laws by which they are at present oppressed. Besides, look at human nature:—what is the history of all professions? Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being Chancellor? Do not his two shrivelled aunts live in the certainty of seeing him in that situation, and of cutting out with their own hands his equity habiliments? and I could name a certain minister of the Gospel who does not, in the bottom of his heart, much differ from these opinions. Do you think that the fathers and mothers of the holy Catholic Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each particular case, that the sweet little blockhead will in fact never get a brief;—but I will venture to say, there is not a parent from the Giant’s Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honors of the state. So with the army, and Parliament; in fact few are excluded: but in imagination all; you keep twenty or thirty Catholics out, and you lose the affections of four millions; and, let me tell you, that recent circumstances have by no means tended to diminish in the minds of men that hope of elevation beyond their own rank which is so congenial to our nature; from pleading for John Roe to taxing John Bull, from jesting for Mr. Pitt and writing in the *Anti-Jacobin*, to managing the affairs of Europe,—these are leaps which seem to justify the fondest dreams of mothers and aunts.”

Hitherto he had resided in London, though he had been rector of a country parish for several years ; but in 1809 he was compelled, in consequence of the passage of Mr. Perceval's Residence Bill, to resign his living or reside there in person. But as there was no parsonage in the parish, he was permitted to reside temporarily at Heslington, a small village near York, with the hope that he might be able to exchange the living for one where it would not be necessary to build. But in this he was disappointed, and he at length felt obliged to build. This he did ; and as the result of his labors he could show his London friends one of the ugliest but most convenient parsonages in the country. In the mean time he studied, wrote, preached, and tried experiments in farming on a small scale. Of his early experience at Foston, Lady Holland has given a lively account, drawn from her recollection of his conversation at different times, which may be quoted as an agreeable specimen of his ordinary style, and as showing the natural energy of his character.

"A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher," he says, "I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm three hundred acres, and without capital to build a parsonage-house.

"I asked and obtained three years' leave from the Archbishop, in order to effect an exchange, if possible ; and fixed myself meantime at a small village two miles from York, in which was a fine old house of the time of Queen Elizabeth, where resided the last of the squires, with his lady, who looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark, or had been the wife of Enoch. He was a perfect specimen of the Trullibers of old ; he smoked, hunted, drank beer at his door with his grooms and dogs, and spelt over the county paper on Sundays.

"At first, he heard I was a Jacobin and a dangerous fellow, and turned aside as I passed : but at length, when he found the peace of the village undisturbed, harvests much as usual, Juno and Ponto uninjured, he first bowed, then called, and at last reached such a pitch of confidence that he used to bring the papers, that I might explain the difficult words to him ; actually discovered that I had made a joke, laughed till I thought he would have died of convulsions, and ended by inviting me to see his dogs.

"All my efforts for an exchange having failed, I asked and obtained from my friend the Archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; sent for an architect; he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: 'You build for glory, sir; I for use.' I returned him his plans with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs. Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

"I then took to horse to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks, of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighboring gentlemen to employ oxen: bought four, — Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first, — took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks, in spite of walls running down with wet, in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March; and performed my promise to the letter to the Archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house, — a fact, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring, I assure you, no small degree of energy.

"It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs. Sydney turned schoolmistress to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A manservant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county.

"I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter (who came to me for parish relief, called Jack Robinson), with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said, 'Jack, furnish my house.' You see the result!

“ At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment ; after diligent search I discovered in the back settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it ; nay (but for Mrs. Sydney’s earnest entreaties), we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior ; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms : it grew younger and younger ; a new wheel, a new spring ; I christened it the *Immortal* ; it was known all over the neighborhood ; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it ; but ‘ *Faber meæ fortunæ* ’ was my motto, and we had no false shame.

“ Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer ; so you see I had not much time left on my hands to regret London.

“ My house was considered one of the ugliest in the county, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable ; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.” — Vol. I. pp. 143–146.

Here he spent the greater part of his time until his appointment in 1828 by Lord Lyndhurst as one of the canons of Bristol Cathedral, when he resigned the living for the smaller but far pleasanter one of Combe-Florey near Taunton. By means of constant and varied employment, occasional journeys, and visits from his friends, he contrived to pass off what must otherwise have been to him the insufferable tedium of a country life, at a distance from the metropolis. In the discharge of his parochial duties he seems to have acted with remarkable discretion and fidelity, and to have neglected no means to promote the welfare of his parish ; but of his merely professional life Lady Holland gives very little information, and we can only form a general impression of it from a few scattered and disconnected passages. But this deficiency is fully compensated by the charming picture which she gives us of his domestic life. When he first went into the country, he was much addicted to riding on horseback ; but as he never could maintain very close relations with his saddle, and his repeated falls alarmed his family, he finally gave it up. “ I used

to think a fall from a horse dangerous," he writes to a friend, "but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the three per cents when they fall,—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question." And again, in reference to the same subject, he says: "I left off riding for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time, my horse Calamity flung me over his head into a neighboring parish, as if I had been a shuttlecock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighboring planet."* This horse Calamity was a large, lank, raw-boned animal, with an insatiable appetite and a great aversion to violent exercise. So disinclined was he to rapid movements, that our clerical farmer was obliged to suspend a small sieve of corn in front of the shafts in order to quicken his gait. "The corn," says Lady Holland, "rattling as the vehicle progressed, stimulated Calamity to unwonted exertions; and under the hope of overtaking the imaginary feed, he did more work than all the previous provender which had been poured down his throat had been able to obtain from him."† A good deal of his farming appears to have been carried on in the same whimsical manner; but in everything the real kindness of his heart was exhibited, and in nothing more than in his thoughtful care of the various animals kept about his place. His servants were also carefully trained and instructed, and became much attached to him. One of them, Annie Kay, continued in his family until her death, which occurred only two years after his own decease, and was kindly remembered in his last will.

In the latter part of 1821 he made a short visit to Edinburgh, where he had not been for ten years. Of this visit he has given a very pleasant account in a letter to Lady Mary Bennett, who was a frequent correspondent for many years, and to whom many of his most amusing letters were sent. He writes:—

* Vol. I. p. 157.

† Vol. I. p. 158.

"Foston, Dec. 20th, 1821.

"MY DEAR LADY MARY:—In the first place I went to Lord Grey's, and stayed with them three or four days; from thence I went to Edinburgh, where I had not been for ten years. I found a noble passage into the town, and new since my time; two beautiful English chapels, two of the handsomest library-rooms in Great Britain, and a wonderful increase of shoes and stockings, streets and houses. When I lived there, very few maids had shoes and stockings, but plodded about the house with feet as big as a family Bible, and legs as large as portmanteaus. I staid with Jeffrey. My time was spent with the Whig leaders of the Scotch bar, a set of very honest, clever men, each possessing thirty-two different sorts of wine. My old friends were glad to see me; some had turned Methodists,—some had lost their teeth,—some had grown very rich,—some very fat,—some were dying,—and, alas! alas! many were dead; but the world is a coarse enough place, so I talked away, comforted some, praised others, kissed some old ladies, and passed a very riotous week.

"From Edinburgh I went to Dunbar,—Lord Lauderdale's,—a comfortable house with a noble sea-view. I was struck with the great good-nature and vivacity of his daughters.

"From thence to Lambton. And here I ask, what use of wealth so luxurious and delightful as to light your house with gas? What folly to have a diamond necklace or a Correggio, and not to light your house with gas! The splendor and glory of Lambton Hall make all other houses mean. How pitiful to submit to a farthing-candle existence, when science puts such intense gratification within your reach! Dear lady, spend all your fortune in a gas-apparatus. Better to eat dry bread by the splendor of gas, than to dine on wild beef with wax candles; and so good by, dear lady.

"SYDNEY SMITH."*

A few years later, in the spring of 1826, he made his first visit to Paris,—a pleasure which he had long anticipated but which he had hitherto been obliged to forego from the want of means. Whilst in Paris he wrote daily to his wife, giving her an account of what he saw and of the impressions produced by these new scenes; but his letters contain little that is noteworthy, except a pretty emphatic declaration of his belief that France was fast approaching another revolutionary era. "The Bourbons," he tells us, "are too foolish and too absurd; noth-

* Vol. II. pp. 215, 216.

ing can keep them on the throne."* Though his political opinions had prevented him from rising in the Church, and after many years of faithful service he still remained poor, his fame had become widely known. Among others who bore testimony to their respect for his talents were the booksellers, who sent him many new and valuable publications. On one occasion he received from some firm, whose name is not given, a work of a decidedly irreligious tendency, which called forth a letter so strikingly characteristic of his deep-seated principles, that we cannot refrain from citing it here. Though he treated all forms of cant and hypocrisy with merciless ridicule, no one felt more deeply the necessity of putting some limits to the levity of speech, or more cordially admitted the great truths of religion. In early life he had often written to Jeffrey that he must withdraw from all connection with the *Edinburgh Review*, if it continued to indulge in the use of language which he thought savored too much of infidelity and irreligion. He had entered the Church with reluctance, but having once assumed the office of a Christian minister, no one could have been more faithful in the discharge of all its duties, though it must have been a painful one to exchange the refined and cultivated society of London and Edinburgh for the companionship of ignorant peasants. Everywhere and at all times he was ready to perform his humble duties, and to rebuke every attack upon the essential principles of religion. With these feelings he now wrote:—

"Foston, July 30th, 1827.

"GENTLEMEN:—I have received from you within these few months some very polite and liberal presents of new publications; and though I was sorry you put yourself to any expense on my account, yet I was flattered by this mark of respect and good-will from gentlemen to whom I am personally unknown.

"I am quite sure, however, that you overlooked the purpose and tendency of a work called ———, or that you would not have sent it to a clergyman of the Established Church, or indeed to a clergyman of *any* church. I see also advertised at your house a translation of Voltaire's 'Philosophical Dictionary.' I hope you will have the goodness to excuse me, and not to attribute what I say to an impertinent, but a friendly disposition.

* Vol. II. p. 253.

Let us pass over, for a moment, all those *much* higher considerations, and look at this point only in a worldly view, as connected with *your* interests. Is it wise to give to your house the character of publishers of infidel books? The English people are a very religious people, and those who are not hate the active dissemination of irreligion. The zealots of irreligion are few and insignificant, and confined principally to London. You have not a chance of eminence or success in that line; and I advise you prudently and quietly to back out of it.

"I hate the insolence, persecution, and intolerance which so often pass under the name of religion, and (as you know) I have fought against them; but I have an unaffected horror of irreligion and impiety; and every principle of suspicion and fear would be excited in me by a man who professed himself an infidel.

"I write this from respect to you. It is quite a private communication, and I am sure you are too wise and too enlightened to take it in evil part.

"I was very much pleased with the 'Two Months in Ireland,' but did not read the poetical part; the prosaic division of the work is very good.

"I remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

"SYDNEY SMITH." *

The strength of his convictions and his fidelity to them were not less strikingly exhibited in the firmness and consistency with which he advocated liberal principles through the long period of Tory supremacy, and especially in his resolute and constant advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. When he began to write and to preach, and for many years after, there was no more certain bar to all hope of preferment in the Church than to support the claims of the Catholics. During this long period, by his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, by pamphlets, and by speeches in meetings of the clergy, where he was sometimes without a single friend to support his views, he labored with untiring zeal to promote this cause, which he held so much at heart. But at length a new order of things succeeded; and the political bigots who had so long ruled England with an iron sway gave place to men of larger views, or were themselves obliged to yield to the advancing spirit of the age, and place themselves at the head of a movement which they could no longer oppose with success. Wise men like Sir Robert Peel deserted

* Vol. II. pp. 266, 267.

the sinking cause amidst the execrations of their old supporters, and mean men followed their example. With this change in men and principles a brighter day dawned upon Sydney Smith; and in the early part of the year 1828, Lord Lyndhurst, who had supplanted Lord Eldon in the affections of the new Tories, conferred upon him a prebendal stall in Bristol Cathedral. But he never swerved from a bold and intrepid declaration of his opinions, even though he was to preach them before an audience composed of some of the most bigoted advocates of the disqualifying laws to be found in all England. On the 5th of November he began his labors in Bristol by preaching before the Mayor and Corporation a manly discourse on *The Rules of Christian Charity*, which he tells us gave great offence to some of the aldermen. "You will be amused," he wrote in August, "by hearing that I am to preach the 5th of November sermon at Bristol, and to dine at the 5th of November dinner with the Mayor and Corporation of Bristol. All sorts of bad theology are preached at the Cathedral on that day, and all sorts of bad toasts drunk at the Mansion-House. I will do neither the one nor the other, nor bow the knee in the house of Rimmon."* When the appointed time came, he was faithful to this declaration, and the sermon which he then preached before "the most Protestant corporation in England" bears honorable testimony to his integrity of character.

The position which he had now attained was a source of much honest pride and gratification to him. "I have been very poor the greatest part of my life," were his words, "and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember when Mrs. Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach (a vehicle, by the by, now become almost matter of history), when the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul."† The delight which this improvement in his temporal condition and prospects

* Vol. II. pp. 274, 275.

† Vol. I. p. 200.

gave him was chastened by the death of his eldest son, a young man of much promise, who died in the spring of 1829, just as he was beginning to realize the fond expectations of his parents.

Upon his appointment to the Cathedral of Bristol, Sydney Smith ceased to write for the *Edinburgh Review*, and about the same time he removed from Foston to Combe-Florey, where he continued to reside when not living in London until his death. These latter years were spent in the active and faithful discharge of his duties as a clergyman, and in the publication of occasional letters and pamphlets on questions of temporary interest. Not only did he carefully watch over the moral and spiritual welfare of his parishioners; but he also took a deep interest in their physical well-being and temporal prosperity. When a young man he had studied medicine, and whilst in Edinburgh he attended the clinical lectures there; and the information which he thus obtained he was always ready to use for the benefit of his flock. Both at Foston and at Combe-Florey he fitted up a room which he called his shop, where he kept different medicines, a stomach-pump, with which he once saved the life of his footman, and several whimsical inventions of his own for the relief of various maladies. These medicines he eagerly dispensed to his rustic parishioners, with much good advice; and when he went up to London he sometimes acted as their agent in the discharge of some kindly office. His fidelity to the interests of his people was scarcely less remarkable than the brilliancy of his wit and the perennial charm of his conversation.

In the discussions which finally terminated in the passage of the Reform Bill he took a warm interest, and made several speeches, in one of which occurs his famous comparison of the House of Lords to Mrs. Partington in the great Sidmouth storm. His political services were not forgotten by Earl Grey when that distinguished nobleman, the friend and disciple of Fox, became head of the government; and in 1831 he was appointed a canon-residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral in exchange for the stall which he held in Bristol Cathedral. That he was not appointed to a bishopric when his old friends came into power was undoubtedly a source of mortification to

him, and is several times alluded to in his letters in terms evidently prompted by a feeling of disappointment and vexation. Yet there seems to be no ground for the charge sometimes urged, that he was less faithful to his liberal principles in his declining years than he had been in early life. Probably this charge mainly grew out of the course which he took in the long controversy about Church Reform and which he so ably maintained in his three letters to Archdeacon Singleton and in his letter to Lord John Russell. An amusing letter, however, to the Countess Grey, written in 1834, after the king's unceremonious dismissal of the Melbourne ministry, shows rather less asperity of tone than characterized his earlier references to his political opponents.

"London, November 19th, 1834.

"MY DEAR LADY GREY:—Nothing can exceed the fury of the Whigs! They mean not only to change everything upon the earth, but to alter the tides, to suspend the principles of gravitation and vegetation, and to tear down the solar system. The Duke's success, as it appears to me, will entirely depend on his imitation of the Whig measures. I am heartily glad Lord Grey is in port. I am (thanks to him) in port too, and have no intentions of resigning St. Paul's. I have not resigned. Still the king has used them ill. If he always intended to turn them out as soon as Lord Spencer died, he should have told Lord Melbourne so, and not have placed him in so awkward a position; at least, as far as circumstances over which he has no control can place an able and high-minded man.

"I am better in health, avoiding all fermented liquors, and drinking nothing but London water with a million insects in every drop. He who drinks a tumbler of London water has literally in his stomach more animated beings than there are men, women, and children on the face of the globe. London is very empty, but by no means disagreeable: I find plenty of friends. Pray be in London early in January. I shall practise as I preach, and be there from January to Easter.

"It is supposed that the messenger who is gone to fetch Sir Robert Peel will not catch him before he is at Pæstum; in the mean time, the Duke of Wellington holds all offices, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, and is to be Bishop of Ely (if Ely dies) till Peel arrives.

"SYDNEY SMITH." *

Several of his later letters, it may be added, are addressed to political opponents, or to ladies of the Tory

* Vol. II. pp. 334, 335.

party. Among the best of these is the following letter to Lady Ashburton, which may be appropriately cited in this connection.

“Dogmersfield Park, 1841.

“You have very naturally, my dear Lady Ashburton, referred to me for some information respecting St. Anthony. The principal anecdotes related of him are, that he was rather careless of his diet; and that, instead of confining himself to boiled mutton and a little wine and water, he ate of side-dishes, and drank two glasses of sherry, and refused to live a life of great care and circumspection, such as his constitution required. The consequence was, that his friends were often alarmed at his health; and the medical men of Jerusalem and Jericho were in constant requisition, taking exorbitant fees, and doing him little good.

“You ought to be very thankful to me (Lord Ashburton and yourself) for resisting as firmly and honorably as I do my desire to offer myself at the Grange; but my health is so indifferent, and my spirits so low, and I am so old and half-dead, that I am mere lumber; so that I can only inflict myself upon the Mild-mays, who are accustomed to Mr. ———; and I dare not appear before one who crosses the seas to arrange the destinies of nations, and to chain up in bonds of peace the angry passions of the people of the earth.

“Still I can preach a little; and I wish you had witnessed, the other day at St. Paul’s, my incredible boldness in attacking the Puseyites. I told them that they made the Christian religion a religion of postures and ceremonies, of circumflexions and genuflexions, of garments and vestures, of ostentation and parade; that they took up tithe of mint and cumin, and neglected the weightier matters of the law, — justice, mercy, and the duties of life; and so forth.

“Pray give my kind regards to the ambassador of ambassadors; and believe me, my dear Lady Ashburton, with benedictions to the whole house, ever sincerely yours,

“SYDNEY SMITH.”*

He had now become an old man, and by the death of his youngest brother, who left a large estate, and from his own income as Canon of St. Paul’s, he had also become a rich man. His honorable poverty and obscurity had given place to wealth, social position, and a distinguished name; and in the pleasures of country life in his beautiful parsonage of Combe-Florey, and in the still more congenial pleasures of London society, his last years glided peacefully away, with little to interrupt their

* Vol. II. pp. 430, 431.

tranquil flow except occasional attacks of asthma and the gout. One other source of annoyance must, however, be mentioned, as it is particularly referred to by Lady Holland, and tended for a time to weaken his popularity in this country, while it also tended to make his name much more widely known among us. In common with many other persons in England and on the Continent, who were animated by the desire to make a profitable speculation, he had invested a part of his property in the bonds of the individual States of this Union. His own investment was in Pennsylvania bonds, and was for only a small amount; but when that State suspended the payment of interest upon her debt, he wrote a short and very pungent petition to Congress praying that some measures should be instituted by the general government for the payment of these debts. The publication of this petition called forth from the newspaper press of the country much unmerited obloquy upon its author; and the excitement occasioned by it was still further increased by the publication, in November, 1843, of two letters to the Editor of the London Morning Chronicle, written in a much more sarcastic tone, and in the last of which he said, with much bitterness: "And now, having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at 40 per cent discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforth in buying up Abyssinian bonds, and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three-and-a-half per Cent funds." In looking at this subject calmly and dispassionately, and from this distance of time, it will be universally admitted that Sydney Smith was right in the ground which he took upon the principal question, and that the real weight of his sarcasms was derived from their truth and justice. But it is proper to observe, that on the subsidiary questions he was altogether wrong, and that no part of the stain which rests upon the repudiating States can attach to the United States. Except in the exercise of its own powers, and in those cases in which the laws of the individual States conflict with the Constitution of the United States, Congress has no power to act. Wherever there is such a conflict, and wherever any act is necessary to carry out

the intentions of the framers of the Constitution, the authority of the general government is paramount. But it is clear that this authority does not extend to the particular case referred to in Sydney Smith's petition. His money was lent to the State of Pennsylvania alone, and his recourse was to that State alone. For her delinquency in the matter, Congress was in no degree responsible; and this he ought to have known. For many years he had been writing about America in the *Edinburgh Review*; and yet he showed by his *Petition and Letters*, that he was profoundly ignorant of the first principles of our government. Such ignorance in him was without excuse. With this qualification, his complaints were just and well founded. Yet for his own reputation it would have been better if he had written nothing upon the subject.

He did not long survive the publication of his *Letters on American Debts*. In October, 1844, he was taken seriously ill, and by the recommendation of his son-in-law, Sir Henry Holland, he immediately came up to London for the benefit of better medical advice than he could have in the country. Here he continued to linger, sometimes appearing so bright and well as to give strong hopes of his ultimate recovery, and sometimes showing only too clearly how near he was approaching the termination of his earthly journey, until the 22d of February, 1845, when he died of water on the chest, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. During his sickness he spoke but little, though in general he maintained a cheerful tone. To the Countess of Carlisle he wrote, soon after coming up to London: "My breathlessness and giddiness are gone, — chased away by the gout. If you hear of sixteen or eighteen pounds of human flesh, they belong to me. I look as if a curate had been taken out of me."* On one occasion, referring to his low diet, he said to his old friend, General Fox: "Ah, Charles! I wish I were allowed even the wing of a roasted butterfly." On another occasion, he said: "I should like to get well, if it were only to please Dr. Holland; it would, I know, make him so happy; this illness has endeared him so much to me." Though very weak, his mind was

* Vol. II. p. 510.

still fresh and active ; and as he lay one evening in his half-darkened room, he repeated in a strong and full voice this beautiful passage from his sermon on Riches, as if recalling his own lengthened experience: "We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are some who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions, — walk with bare feet, and naked breasts, jaded, mangled, and chilled." * And then he sank into perfect repose. Nor did he survive many days longer. Full of years and with a world-wide fame he died, leaving to his children above all other things the precious inheritance of a good name, and the delightful recollections of a faithful life.

In summing up the impressions produced by his life and works, it must be admitted that Sydney Smith was not in any remarkable degree a man of profound or original views, or a very ripe and thorough scholar. His early popularity and his subsequent more extended fame must be traced to very different sources from these. His Lectures on Moral Philosophy, admirable as they were in many respects, unfold no new truths, and show how superficial was his acquaintance with metaphysical science. His Petition to Congress and his Letters on American Debts evince a profound ignorance of the fundamental principles of our mixed form of government. His Sermons exhibit little depth of Christian experience or range of thought. They are practical rather than speculative, and are chiefly noticeable for their plain and forcible presentation of admitted truths in a style level with the comprehension of the most ordinary hearers. The real merit of his writings is in their sterling good sense, their eminently practical tone, and in the unrivalled felicity with which his views were presented to popular favor and acceptance. The real service which he rendered to his own country and to future generations was by his unfaltering devotion to liberal principles

* Vol. I. p. 360.

through many years of poverty and neglect, and by his faithful exercise of all his powers to promote every good cause. Endowed with the most perfect mastery of all the weapons of ridicule, with the most jovial humor, the keenest wit, and the most tremendous powers of sarcasm possessed by any writer of English since the days of Swift, he was always found supporting the cause of right and justice with entire disregard of personal consequences. Never did he lend the mighty powers which he possessed to any base object, or for the attainment of merely personal ends. Even when he assailed the Portland administration with so much virulence, it was only because he identified its members with a system which he believed was fraught with the utmost danger to the welfare of the country.

His conversational powers were very great; and Lady Holland has given some pleasant anecdotes tending to show how they were exercised. Yet his conversation, as we gather from various sources, was precisely of that kind of which it is most difficult to convey an impression to a reader. It owed its effect to the facility with which he caught up casual topics, and evolved from them a succession of humorous or witty observations, rather than from brief, pointed expressions which one could carry away in his memory. His conversation delighted you whilst he was speaking, but when he had finished, you could only remember the general impression of delight without recalling the particular turns of expression and the happy phrases which had amused you so much. Yet there are not a few striking remarks preserved which have great epigrammatic force. Thus he once described a utilitarian philosopher as "so hard, you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him." * Marriage he described as resembling "a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them." † Referring to Macaulay, he once said: "O yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice.

* Vol. I. p. 296.

† Vol. I. p. 320.

Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.* This must have been before Mr. Macaulay's return from India, for after that event our witty canon tells us he had "occasional flashes of silence." But happy as are many of the incidental remarks quoted by his daughter, it is in his letters that we must now seek for those good-natured hits and lively sallies of wit and humor which characterized his daily conversation. Here they exist in almost inexhaustible abundance, without any foreign admixture, and uncolored by an imperfect recollection. In reading his letters, no one can fail to perceive how brilliant were the powers which this wise and true-hearted man devoted to the support of popular rights and the advancement of liberal opinions, in the gloomy period that succeeded the first French Revolution.

C. C. S.

ART. V. — BARTOL'S PICTURES OF EUROPE.†

THE title of a book is often indicative of its genius as well as of its contents. While this volume was passing through the press, a report of the title gave rise to a discussion among friends. Many disapproved it, as too quaint or too pretending, and one, whose intimacy with the author entitled him to give advice, is said to have urged the suppression of the words "Framed in Ideas," even at the expense, if necessary, of a new plate. For ourselves, we are glad that the friendly counsel was not adopted; for it seems to us that the phrase in question denotes exactly the peculiar genius of the work, distinguishing it sharply from ordinary books of travel. Of pictures of Europe there is verily no lack. We have them in every style of art, and in almost monthly issues. The peculiarity and the charm of these "Pictures" is that they are "framed in ideas." And to say the truth,

* Vol. I. p. 324.

† *Pictures of Europe framed in Ideas.* By C. A. BARTOL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 407.

the frames are the better part and the bigger part of the pictures. So broad and gorgeous and curious and sufficing are they, that the objects depicted are like to be overlooked in the glory of the setting. The frames would satisfy us very well without the pictures; yet the latter are also welcome, not only as excellent in themselves, though scant, but as furnishing the occasion and ostensible ground of the exhibition.

And so, if we have any fault to find with the title, it is not with the latter half, but with the former. It is that the frames are too heavy for the pictures,—that actual Europe is not sufficiently represented to justify the profession of the title-page.

But this is no objection to the book itself. On the contrary, in the glut aforesaid of pictures of Europe, a recommendation. We are not sorry this time to escape from the tourist to the thinker and the poet,—to go over the ground for once with a philosophic prose-poem instead of a road-book,—to have the conduct of a guide who can "moralize" the way as well as show it.

Here is a man of the closet escaped from retirement to wander in the paths of the world. The reflective habit, the introverted mind, turned forth upon the road! It is no adventurer in search of the picturesque that speaks, but one whose wise creed is, that "we need not run and hurry after the beauty of the world," and who, having viewed the finest that Europe can exhibit, still affirms, "It is not finer than that western sky yonder, seen from my doorstep,"—a man of rapt moods and fine frenzies,— "a prophet of the soul." He has seen more beauty in his dreams than the Tyrol or the world can realize. He does not journey to learn what scenery is, but only to prove it. Not to receive impressions, but to verify conceptions.

More by accident than by choice he is cast upon the tide of European travel. With little effort or design of his own, he finds himself transported into the midst of those scenes so familiar by report, and whose names have long been a synonyme for grandeur and beauty,—bodily transported but not mentally transposed. *Cælum non animus*. His family accompany him; he carries with him his home associations. The moral atmosphere of his own study is around him as he proto-

cols each day's experience; and all the way long, the brooding thought, the subtile intuition, the devout inspiration, which have so long edified and delighted the intelligent congregation of the "West Church."

In such company we are well content to retrace once more the travelled road. The rather that our prophet does not trail a diary along the track, but classes his shows in generic chapters, and exhibits the best in each kind through its own especial diorama. The first and most attractive portion of the book is occupied with topics of Nature and Art, under the general head of "The Beauty of the World." Then follow seven philosophico-theological essays, in which the great themes of the "Enduring Kingdom," the Church, Society, Country, Mankind, History, Destiny,—each illustrated by occasional reference to scenes abroad and foreign uses,—are discussed with the freshness and sweetness and grave piquancy which distinguish the author's other writings.

It would be superfluous to speak of Mr. Bartol's merits as a writer. His marked and impressive rhetoric, the subtile beauty of his thought, his fervent imagination, and often exquisite felicity of expression, are well known to the readers of his "Discourses," and need no encomium at our hands. We will only say, that we heartily indorse the strongest that has yet been pronounced on them. Whatever of friendly expectation, derived from those Discourses, may have welcomed the book in hand, has been, we will venture to say, abundantly satisfied. As a book of travel, it possesses no value and offers no claim. As a volume of essays, it deserves to rank with the classics of the land. As an application of thought and sentiment to the scenes and sights presented to a tourist, it is, in prose, what Byron's great epic is in verse,—a kind of spiritual Childe-Harold's-Pilgrimage.

Our traveller, like all persons of poetic temperament, is a worshipper of Nature; enjoying her, not, as Southerners and realists, by *sensation*, with

"a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied,"

but, as genuine Northerner and idealist, by *reflection*. He does not bask in the landscape, but scans it; he does not

coalesce with it, but appropriates it. Lake, river, and valley do not draw him forth "to mingle with the universe," but throw him back upon himself in pious ecstasy. They are only the occasion that opens the inner eye, the hint that calls up the native scenery of the soul. His enjoyment of Nature is metaphysical. Smiling or awful, he greets her with reverent gaze, and hangs upon her features awhile in loving contemplation. But soon,

"the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into her happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Doth straight its own resemblance find,
Yet still creates, transcending these,
Far other climes and other seas,
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade."

How he idealizes! How the spiritual eye dominates the sensual! The absolute mountain and river are put so positively, that no particular mountain or river can seem to be of much account. Accordingly, none is much accounted in these pages. The route lies through Switzerland and Germany, but the Bernese Oberland and the Danube are alluded to merely as incidental illustrations of the archetype in the author's mind. He reverses the common practice of generalization by induction. Instead of rising from given peaks and streams to ideal forms, he descends *a priori* from the absolute to the actual, and sees the Alps themselves through the ideal of a supernalpine imagination.

And how he preaches! finding sermons in stones and psalms in cataracts, distilling doctrine from the glacier's rime, "improving" every crag and cleft, and levying his shekel, or temple-tax, on all beauty.

"Winterströme stürzen vom Felsen
In seine Psalmen,
Und Altar des lieblichsten Danks
Wird ihm des gefürchteten Gipfels
Schneebehängener Scheitel."

No man, however, is better able than Bartol to appreciate the actual, as *spectacle*. No man opens a more penetrating poet's eye (when he does fairly open it) to the objects about him. His quick appreciation of the beautiful in scenery is shown in many a splendid passage, in the chapters entitled, "The Beauty of the World,"

"The Mountains," "The Rivers," "The Lakes," "The Sea." Here, for example, is a sketch of Mont Blanc and its surroundings, as seen from the opposite side of Chamouni.

"On the peak which rises to command, across the tremendous vale of Chamouni, the summit of Mont Blanc, I beheld the snowy mass of congregated peaks all pure and crystalline, sparkling in a cloudless sun, with majesty not to be surpassed, one would think, by the roof even of the New Jerusalem in heaven. The monarch of the hills seemed to wear an everlasting crown upon him, from which no jewel could be struck; in which not a ray of lustre for countless ages had been quenched. His lesser supporters stood motionless about. Monstrous needles of rock — as though foot-guards of his dignity — thrust their long lances into the air, high almost as the brow of the throned king himself. Enormous glaciers as grounded arms, glittering like steel, lined his seat, and the far-heard rush of torrents murmured his applause; while the occasional loud crackling of the fathomless ice in every ravine was a salute to his honor, or a warning against rash approach. It was as though God himself were representing his royalty, and setting up a material figure of the King of kings, and I were admitted into the antechamber to bow and adore Him of whom there is no graven image, through a type fashioned by his own hands to help his feeble creatures, by a ladder finer than ever dreaming Jacob saw, up to heaven. For a while, entranced in the spectacle, fancy climbed up the magnificent stairway of the Sovereign's courts, and ran through the hollow chambers whose frostwork rang with the rapid streams, to light on the top of those sharp spears edged with hail that leaned towards the mountain's head, and then to settle on the hoary front of sunlit splendor that so placidly overlooked all."

The most impressive of natural forms are mountains, but the charm of mountain scenery consists not merely in the outline of the peaks. It lies in the fascinating mystery of dells and gorges, and the fine effects of falling water produced by the inequalities of the soil. There is nothing finer in this kind than the valley of the Lauterbrunnen in the Bernese Alps.

"Let me speak only of the descent to Lauterbrunnen which means *clear springs*, or *only springs*. Nowhere else more suddenly than here is one let down off a sublime mountain into a fearful defile. It would seem too as if the mountain, while dismissing its travellers, were pouring out with them all the floods and circulations of its mighty heart. Snowy as the upper drifts

they come from, these liquid glaciers are colored (?) as though they verily were the solid ones—which are their neighbors and into which the wintry cold partly congeals them—in motion. On they rush, like an everlasting manifold baptism, as if they bore on their streams the very purity of Nature's soul, and would cleanse every stain from her visible body. From the Staubbach, about the sixth of a mile in height, looking as if it were spun from top to bottom of the finest wool,—to every thread of moisture that waves in the wind and adds its little tone to a grand concord which the finer ear of Spirits may gather up,—the watery strings and bands keep up and down, keep to and fro their incessant motion. We left Lauterbrunnen also with other sounds than the music of rivulets and cascades lingering in our ears. On the Wengern Alp the Jungfrau had sent the thunder of its sliding avalanches—choruses in a tremendous oratorio—into our very hearts. There were finer echoes too, in which nature and art shared, from the blowing of long wooden horns, in chosen spots, against the sides of the mountains. The sweetness of that melody, in which the breath of man was the plectrum, and the far-off, frightful lines and seams of eternal rock the harp-strings, can be no more than hinted to any by whom it has not been heard. What strange softness mixed with what metallic brilliance! What notes from unearthly distance brought so distinct and near! What even roughest and most unmusical blast from below returned out of heaven smooth as the dewy air, like God's mercy coming back for the sins of man! Ah! Heaven changes to melody the sharpest voice of earthly creatures. What peal of defiance, shout of passion, keen report, or blasting curse, can quite drown or for ever prevent the gentle pleadings of the divine voice?"

But the chapter on "The Lakes" is the one in which the author draws nearest to the actual world, and will generally be esteemed, we suspect, the most satisfactory of those relating to scenic nature.

Good counsel or good fortune sent our "Childe" up the Danube from Vienna to Linz, and from thence across the *Traunsee* to Ischl and through the *Salzkammergut*. A route not often traversed, we believe, by Americans, but one which we here recommend to all travellers in Europe who delight in fine scenery. Switzerland has views more surprising, overwhelming, awful, but nothing in beauty to be compared to scenes in the Tyrol and the Austrian Alps. We hope, as civilization extends eastward, public opinion will replace, if it has not already replaced, with a steamer of decent accommodations, the

floating penitentiary which used to disgrace the noblest river in Europe, winding through scenery which, as Bartol justly remarks, surpasses that of the Rhine. He says nothing of Gmunden and the fine *physique* and picturesque costume of the people of that region. Still less does the lofty idealist descant of the delicate flavor of the fish, peculiar to the neighboring lake, to which a learned physician of Vienna commended our palate, and which we sinful, pernoctating once at Gmunden, enjoyed with almost as keen a relish as what the eye took in on the day following. But here is his description of the Traunsee:—

“A ride upon a tram-road, a kind of horse-railway, brought us, through the mist and rain of a gloomy morning, to the brink of this exquisite basin, this felicity of Nature, in which she seems at once to enjoy herself, and to be bent on making her children happy. That for us too her purpose might not fail, the clouds broke away, the shower ceased. It had only come to cleanse the earth and air, and make all around more lovely than even by light alone it can be made. Into the pellucid water glides our little boat. As I gazed, I felt almost unsafe, suspended at some dizzy height; for it was as if only the finest layer of gossamer fabric were stretched there for a horizontal veil or floor, and on both sides the unfathomable abyss. On smoothly darts our secure vessel. I look over her side into the infinite chasm. What keeps her from falling down? On what mysterious support does she ride between these rival skies? How through this hollow sphere holds she her level way? Is she a fairy bark? and are we spirits transported now towards some sphere of the blest? From this mood I was diverted a little, and my mind saved from losing itself in pure ecstasy, by observing the huge forms of the inverted hills, running downward as far as upward in their erectness they climbed. What refinement of pleasure was there in remarking the minuteness, as well as the vastness, of the copy! Ah! no copyist of the old masters can render his original upon the canvas as faithfully in every line and hue, or with expression so perfect and speaking, as it pleases God here to translate his own works, in the engravings of this marvellous page. How we admired the submarine curving lines, the diverse shades,—each angle flashing back the light,—each vapor-shrouded point jutting from the mighty mass,—the shreds of woolly cloud floating underneath, and the winds blowing gently round the spectral mountain's brow, as truly as about the other mountain on high! How the double glory divided our regard,” &c.

The prince of all lakes, as the name imports, is the Königssee, — also called Bartholomäus-see, — near Berchtesgaden in Bavaria. The tourist in those parts who shall neglect to visit this charmed water will have missed the marvel of the earth, and “the best gem upon her zone.” Like a dream of joy interposed by special grace in the midst of a wild, tumultuous life, it sleeps in beauty amid the ruggedest forms of the Austrian and Bavarian Alps, — six miles of liquid emerald at the bottom of a cup of five thousand feet perpendicular depth, whose gashed and notched and jagged rim defines a corresponding extent of the skyey fluid overhead!

“A little bark quietly rowed by men and maidens takes you, reach after reach, along the branches and liquid limbs which this sovereign in every kind stretches out into every angle and cove. The grand hills one after another salute you as you pass by, but they seem only subsidiary to, and in fact a part of, the lake of which they are the setting, as a circle of gold or a rim of garnets with the diamond of the first water within. The huge proportions of the solid peaks which are repeated beneath, — the elevation amazing you, and the depression still more, — in their reversal look as if they had been dropped, Nature’s own lines to gauge the watery depth. But they seem to drop into measureless space, by their vain length suggesting, not equality, but contrast with the infinity they poorly mock.”

And then the Obersee, a near neighbor of the Königs.

“This most tender and exquisite thing, bright and graceful as a silver dish carved by the artist’s cunning for a prince’s table, is placed amid wild and savage scenery. The clear gentleness and the rocky rudeness naturally heighten and set forth each other. Never before had I seen an image so fine of a noble heart calm and unmoved amid all the terrors and threats and confusions of the world. It was a place fit for a hero’s rest, a believer’s contemplation, or a martyr’s solace.”

One of the wonders of the Königssee is the *Eiskapelle*, or Ice-Chapel.

“Returning by a different line across the principal lake, we disembark at a spot where the mountains, as by common consent withdrawing on either side, leave the richest of green and grassy meadows gradually sloping to the water’s edge. As the soft verdure closes round our feet, we lift our eyes and see the chamois, like dark specks mixed confusedly in sunlight, scattered in the patches of snow that whiten the sides of the distant mountains. An hour’s walk carries us to the Ice-Chapel.

It is simply a mass of ice and snow at the foot of a mountain, as it were a cold challenge thrown from it to the ground, and never in the hottest sun of August melting away. But whence supplied? That terrific peak that runs directly over it, like a splinter of the globe, sharp into the sky, is not clad in snow. Scarce a grain, it would seem, could stay upon its keen edges without being blown off and lost in the winds. There it stands, as the earth's own spire literally piercing the heavens, leaving behind all towers of man's construction as at its very base, and suffering no touch of any hand or accretion of foreign substance to mar or alter at all its hues and proportions. Strange spectacle it was, to see the bare summit, brown as it would have been in the tropics, in the temperature of its so greatly aggravated cold, refusing the snowdrift and casting it down into such humility at its base, where it lay quiet from an origin wholly mysterious and unknown."

The transition from Nature to Art is made by a chapter on the "Superiority of Art to Nature." And here we have, by way of illustration, a minute and glowing account of the celebrated pass of the Stelvio,—a description which, artistically considered, is, to our thinking, by far the most remarkable passage in the book. As a piece of word-painting, we venture to say it has not often been surpassed. It is too long for insertion here, and we are unwilling to mutilate it. We pass therefore to the next chapter, which discusses another topic appertaining to Art, namely its testimony to religion. Under this head, by a strange omission, nothing is said of the ministry of music, the most religious of the arts. The only witnesses which the author recognizes are architecture and painting. We give—it must be our last extract—his report of the Dresden or Sistine Madonna, remarking by the way, that our own experience entirely coincides with his statement of the very peculiar, mysterious, and overwhelming impression produced by this wonderful picture,—an impression to which lines and tints seem so inadequate, that one casts about for some other explanation of such effects beside the normal power of pictorial art.

"The theme of the Saviour of the world, a babe on his parent's bosom, is of interest not to be surpassed. The dim shine of a cloud of angels flows from behind a curtain into the room, which is equally open to earth or heaven. All heaven indeed, through the artist's wondrous hinting of innumerable eager faces, seems crowding there to see. 'These things the angels desire to look into.' All earth waits dumbly expectant and mysterious-

ly attentive below. The mother is discovered standing upon the globe with her offspring in her arms. The Pope, anticipated impersonation of the highest human authority, bends his knees with the half-bald, half-hoary head, sending from his lowly posture only an upward, revering glance, while he lays his mitre on the ground, and, as well he may, there lets it lie. A saint stands at the other side, looking down with the humility of a heavenly countenance, yet evidently taking in with admiring contemplation the import of the whole scene. Little cherubs from below return their silent, loving gaze to the vision that drops downcast from above. But it is remarkable that the least and youngest figure in that company—regard it from what side you will—is at the head and in command of the whole. The greybeard of ecclesiastic might, at whose waving thrones were to shake and kingdoms to be re-arranged, is annihilated before that soft, childish face. The sanctified and mature spirit that had flown incalculable distances from its upper seat, wears the veil of modesty, and bends into the stoop of worship, before that earthly life just begun. The angels that sang with the morning stars together over the foundations of the world, flock and crowd, as to a sight unequalled even by their old experience, in the antechamber, about the door of their rightful Sovereign, shaped as infancy that cannot yet walk, while the winged seraphs of age apparently little superior to itself, that have descended from the sky, fall yet farther down beneath the floor, and cling by their beautiful arms to the edge, as with their sight they seek from afar their clay-clad companion yet somehow Lord. The mother herself, that bore what she holds upon her breast, has a countenance in which strange submissiveness mingles with maternal care, and tenderness runs into forethought of future days. The child, as though in him a thousand lines converged, is the centre and unity of the piece; yet without ceasing at all to be a child, in the utmost extent that innocence and simplicity can reach. But at the same time there is in his look a majesty peculiar and unrivalled, which seems to justify and require all this angelic and terrestrial deference. In those delicate orbs,—shall I ever forget them?—turned full out upon the world, and gentle and unpretending, too, as eyeballs sheathed in flesh ever were or could be, there is, in what manner I know not, by what art or inspiration painted I surely cannot tell, a supremacy of control which principalities above or below might well fear to disobey, as though that were the final authority of the universe.

“Never before by any like production had I been quite abashed and overcome. I could except to, and study and compare, other pictures: this passed my understanding.”

But we must bid Childe Bartol good by. The re-

maining chapters, constituting about one half of the book, and nowise inferior in their kind to those that precede them, discuss topics so distinct from the foregoing and from each other, that to follow them would altogether transcend our limits. We will say, before we close, that the verses prefixed to each chapter, and announcing its theme,—and especially those on "The Sea,"—together with the beautiful lines at the commencement, commemorating the death of a loved parent, and those entitled "The Guide," seem to indicate the *carrière manquée* of a poet whom the preacher has prevented and absorbed.

The account of the ascent of Mont Blanc by Dr. J. T. Talbot, appended to this volume, though rather out of place, is welcome and important, as recording the only instance, so far as we know, in which that difficult and dangerous exploit has been performed by an American.

F. H. H.

ART. VI.—THE "OSTENDA LOQUITUR" OF HUGO GROTIIUS.

The city of Ostend, suffering all the unutterable miseries of war in its famous resistance to the whole power of Spain, from July, 1601, to September, 1604, is here personified, and speaks. It may remind us of what has been passing in our own time.

A SMALL arena for chiefs, yet the gazing-stock of the nations,—
Singly Disaster's match, and whom to utterly ruin
Even the Fates still fear, — I stand on a shore that is foreign.
Thrice have we changed our foe, as the third year now is departing.

Winter raves with sea-storms, and Summer with wasting diseases.
Too much of woe has the Spaniard wrought. More cruel than
armies,

Breaks out the Pestilence. No funeral but with a funeral.
Why does one death destroy not at once? O Fortune! why linger?
What bribes thee to keep aboveground the blood-stained prey of
destruction?

We ask, Shall we find a grave for ourselves, if we slay the
invaders?

A spot of barren dust is all that the battle is waged for.

N. L. F.

ART. VII.—BAYNE'S CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

EVERY century of our Lord has its unbelievers and its doubters, but unbelief and doubt are by no means the same things in all the Christian years. Sometimes the difficulties in the way of faith are historical, sometimes they are philosophical, always they are more or less moral, though of this the sceptic may not be in the least aware. In the earliest Christian times those who opposed the Gospel called it a pernicious superstition, a madness to which the gods would abandon only such as they had resolved to ruin. Now, on the contrary, many who cannot believe are loud in their commendations and overpowering in their patronage of a religion which they look upon as worn-out, false, by this time at least, if it was not at the outset. They place Christianity amongst the errors which philosophy has exploded, and yet they say at the same time, that it is an error of most blessed consequences, perhaps indeed the only expression of the truth which is possible for the finite human understanding,—a lie, if one must speak plainly, and yet one of those lies which well adhered to are as good as the truth; as if, forsooth, the welfare of the human family could depend upon anything false,—not upon belief, but upon “making believe.”

It is curious and important to note the phases of unbelief, as they change from age to age,—curious for the mere student of human opinion, important for every one who like Mr. Bayne would contribute something towards the restoration of faith. A vast deal of the ammunition that is used with the very best intentions against the opponents of Christianity is utterly wasted for want of a knowledge of the enemy's defences. The guns go off excellently well and make a great noise, and the smoke quite hides the batteries, and the engineers are very much stirred by the exercise, but no earthly thing or person is hit, least of all struck down. Clergymen, zealous out of proportion to their culture, and honestly desirous of doing good service in the Church

* *The Christian Life, Social and Individual.* By PETER BAYNE, M. A. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 12mo. pp. 528.

militant, often work themselves into a very honest glow in battling against what they call, in a very general way, Infidelity; but we fear that those whom they are endeavoring to draw or to drive back into the fold would often say, that they have not so much as once touched the point at issue; that, however admirably they may have dealt with the old English deists or with the French infidels of the last century, they have scarcely spoken a word applicable to the present times.

It often happens that those who attempt to argue for the truth of Christianity are men who never themselves had a doubt. If they would simply tell their own religious experience it would be eminently serviceable. But somehow they must always be learned and philosophical. They cast about for arguments; they read books of evidence; they study the ancient reasoners; they attempt to gauge the belief or unbelief of the ancients; they explore the "Necessity for a Revelation," or the "Short Method with a Deist"; they attempt to convince others by means of logical processes which never convinced themselves, and men who were not argued into belief and who could not be argued out of it, who owe their persuasions mainly to the testimony of the Spirit of the Lord in their own hearts, are found urging considerations from history and philosophy, and the testimony of men generally, as alone conclusive. What wonder that they often bring reproach upon the cause which they attempt to promote! For some reason or other, one does not expect to have any difficulties removed by such efforts; the preacher soon acquiesces in this lack of expectation, and from a vigorous onslaught subsides into a very quiet siege, a *sitting down* before the enemy. Sermons on the evidences, discourses on the miracles! — are not the very words redolent of morphine and opium and poppy and *lactuca*, of all that is soothing and somnific? We should be glad to know how many of the students of our colleges have been saved from infidelity by the study of Paley's Evidences. Admirable as that book was and is, on many accounts, it does not, as it seems to us, answer the questions which sceptical young men are asking to-day, or if it does answer some of them, the reply is so unsatisfactory that it would be fatal were it to be regarded as final. We would not disparage a book which has done

good services in times past, but it is hardly fair to ask of the good Archdeacon to be a perpetual defender of the faith. We fear, too, that not a few minds in our day, instead of allowing the ground taken by Butler, following Origen, — that inasmuch as Nature and Revelation proceed from the same Author, we should expect to find similar obscurities in the one and the other, — would maintain that a Revelation ought to clear up the difficulties which stagger the student of Nature; whilst others, instead of accepting revealed religion because it offers no more stumbling-blocks than natural religion, would reject both as burdened with the same load of perplexities. Here too we would most emphatically disclaim the outrageous conceit of implying that Butler is no more of account as a champion of belief; for certain conditions of the mind nothing can be better than his weighty paragraphs, so full of meat for men, so admirably fitted to point out the limitations of human thought upon the deep themes of religion; but we do mean that it is not enough to repeat Butler, or to reproduce his arguments. Books of much less ability, written by comparatively second-rate men, may be far better fitted to the intellectual and moral condition of those who doubt to-day.

We have not been led into this strain of remark because we have before us a dull, and, for the times, aimless defence of Christianity, — a dogged beating the air, a striking out into space where the enemy is not, however much, according to theory, he may be bound to be there. Not at all: we have eminently a book for the doubter of to-day, a book written not in ignorance of other books, and yet not out of them, but under the guidance of a mind and heart rich in the results of a careful study of the phenomena of human life in its most instructive aspects. We have more than an argument, more than an appeal to history, more than a recital of ancient testimony to the miracles; we have a book written with the writer's whole soul, and presenting those broad considerations which commend themselves not merely to the logician and the antiquary, but to plain men, to the common sense of humanity, to the noblest instincts and largest thoughts of the human soul, to men who are practical, in the best sense of that much-abused word.

The time has fully come for religion to make her appeal in this way, not only as heretofore and now, ever wisely and well, to dates and figures, but to human consciousness, to the experience and the work, the inward and outward lives, the being and the character, of men whom all will call good and wise. Especially must they be met in this way, who, planting themselves upon the ground of our human nature, and professing very earnestly, after their manner, a love for truth and righteousness, do yet set themselves against all that is peculiar in Christianity, eliminating all its distinctive elements as partial, erroneous, superstitious, and beggarly, and even declining to receive its doctrines of the divine personality and the conscious immortal life of the human soul. It is useless to quote to such an authority which they do not recognize, — useless, since “they hear not Moses and the Prophets,” to remind them of one who “rose from the dead,” — useless to attempt to establish by argument the existence of what must be seen by the eye of the soul before there can be any persuasion of its reality. Let us endeavor rather to satisfy them by an appeal to human experience, that “we are not sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, that our sufficiency is of God”; that the soul of man is healthy, hopeful, energetic, successful, just in proportion as it comes to God, believing not only that he is, in some remote and abstract way, but “that he is the rewarder of all those that diligently seek him.” If the religion of Jesus is divine, there must be that about it which will distinguish it from anything which “man has done.” If it stands between us and spiritual, or, in Scripture phrase, eternal death, — if indeed there is no other way through which we may be saved from unrighteousness and wretchedness, — a direct appeal to “the Christian life, social and individual,” must make this very evident.

It may seem to some that the work before us is rather a contribution to the defence of Calvinism than of Christianity. We have seen it so alluded to and praised, and there are three or four paragraphs which are likely to arrest the hasty reader and produce this impression. But a more careful perusal of the book will satisfy any one that it is mainly a plea for the Gospel as a whole, and not for any one of its forms. There are indeed two

or three exceptions to this statement which we mean to notice, but they are not of sufficient importance to impair the value of the work for those who are not Calvinists or Trinitarians.

The book is distributed into three parts, viz. Statement, Exposition and Illustration, and Outlook; and Part Second, again, into two books, the one treating of "Christianity the Basis of Social Life," the other of "Christianity the Basis of Individual Character." The questions between Christianity and Pantheism are very fairly set down in the first two chapters, which make up the whole of the first part. Christianity is not a perishing form of the Truth, it is the Truth itself; it will not be associated with idols, they must perish or the Gospel must. The Christian cannot accept the patronage of the pantheist, he believes in the separate existence of the Supreme Being; man is not divine enough to satisfy him, and he appeals to the testimony of human consciousness, which says that conscience is the voice of God, an effect which we are compelled to refer to him as the cause, and if morality is natural so is godliness. Pantheism does indeed contain a measure of sublime truth, but it is a truth which Christianity includes, qualifies, and adds to. It does not give us for Deity an "All" which is just as truly "Nothing" as "All." In its doctrines of the divine image in man and of the incarnation, the Word made flesh in Jesus, we have a practical statement of the relation between the divine and the human, that satisfies at once the reason and the heart. Through Jesus, the Christ, we commune with the Spirit of the Universe, and being brought into perfect abasement, renouncing not only the grosser and sensual self, but the finer and spiritual self, we accept from God the deliverance which we could not work for ourselves, and fear is changed into love, and what we have received freely we are eager freely to impart, faith that works by love sending us out to save others and so far relieve our gloomy fears about their fate in a future world.

We think that Mr. Bayne is not very successful in his endeavor, at this stage of his discussion, to show that high Calvinism with its doctrine of decrees is no hinderance to the worker. What is absolutely and irrevocably settled, we cannot talk about with any view to changing it. We

never do so talk, unless for the time we believe that the result depends in some sense and measure upon what we say. "You despatch a thousand vessels from this harbor," says our author, "yet you *know* certain of them will be the prey of the tempest. You ship your compass; how does it act?" and so on. Yes, we do know that shipwreck awaits a portion of the thousand, but we know just as well that God has made the safety of them all dependent under his providence upon our employment of instruments which we can use to good purpose, though we do not understand the theory of their action. God has made human agency necessary to the accomplishment of his ends,—so necessary that he always maintains the order of workers, and never lacks prophets and apostles to set forth his truth; and it is his will, moreover, that his agents should be free, and should feel that they are free.

Mr. Bayne, in his second chapter, treats of Christianity as the only sure foundation and cement of society, pointing out the analogy in this particular between the individual and the community, appealing to the lessons of history and quoting the testimony of great thinkers.

In the five following chapters the great subject of Christian philanthropy is very fully presented and admirably illustrated in biographical sketches of Howard, Wilberforce, and Samuel Budgett. Christian philanthropy is admirably vindicated against those who say or imply that it is no better than mawkish sentimentalism, and here, as everywhere else in the book, especial attention is given to refuting or modifying the extravagances of Mr. Carlyle, for whom Mr. Bayne feels and expresses a very hearty admiration, utterly as he dissents from him in matters the most essential. We must be merciful because we need mercy. We must forgive because we need to be forgiven, because, strictly speaking, none of us are saints and heroes, hero-worship to the contrary notwithstanding. The biographies are well executed, especially that of Howard, whom Mr. Carlyle took a fancy to underrate, because he was not a man of great intellect, and because prisoners have sometimes been foolishly petted, as if moral greatness were not distinct from intellectual greatness, and as if it were one and the same thing to drive jail-fever and profligacy from our

prisons, and to make them palaces of ease. About Budgett we must confess that, apart from the name, which is not fitted to propitiate one, but which we should be ashamed to take into the account, we have our misgivings as to whether we are prepared to number him with the saints; it is an old and musty prejudice, we suppose, but somehow saintliness and famous bargains do not harmonize very well, as we are accustomed to look at things. Still let no one suffer this misgiving of ours to take the least jot from his good opinion of Mr. Budgett, for we are really without excuse in the difficulty, and Mr. Bayne meets it very skilfully, if not satisfactorily. The fifth chapter contains many wise thoughts upon "The Social Problem of the Age," and is very cheering for its judicious confidence in freedom and progress.

The second book treats of "Christianity the Basis of Individual Character," and opens with a nobly earnest chapter upon modern doubt, considerate, merciful, singularly so, in its tone, and yet very emphatic in its warnings. Take as specimens of this catholic, yet at the same time decided mind, the following paragraphs:—

"It were a fatal error to confound with mere foppery the honest and earnest doubt which we meet with. Our time here demands a faithful valor beyond that of chivalry.

'There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.'

"There may, in our quiet domestic life, arise temptations to mental cowardice as severe as ever prompted a soldier to quit the field under some cloud of dust, or on some plausible pretext: there may be suspicion and contempt to be encountered, as biting as the cold steel before which the clear eye scorned to flinch: there may be endearments as tender to be torn asunder in the struggle toward internal freedom and truth, as ever drew a manly tear from the strong knight who bade adieu to his lady-love on his way to Palestine. There may be a deliberate abandonment, for the sake of a pure conscience, and to preserve an unpolluted mental atmosphere, of respect long accorded, of esteem for kindness and faithfulness of heart, or deference, perhaps still dearer, to power of intellect, of sympathetic joys from truth shared and loved in common, of hopes and expectations whose extinguishing looks like quenching the last fire in a cold wintry day. And, we say, this deliberate laying of the joys of earth on the altar of truth and conscience, may cause severer pangs than were ever felt by the true warrior, who would still

march on though his companions fell stiff by the way-side, or continue to face the foe when he stood on ground slippery with the blood that was dear to him. The loneliness one feels when afar from the habitations of men, on the ocean or in the desert, is, we are assured, but a faint emblem of that dread feeling of sad and ghastly solitude which many a noble soul has experienced, when compelled, by hests inaudible to his fellow-men, to pass forth alone into new regions of thought and belief. The former solitude was but relative, and scarcely real: the hearts that loved him might be distant, but in his hand were invisible threads of gold which linked them still to his; the smiles of welcome were waiting at the door of home, the accents of kindness, tremulous through excess of joy, would ring clear whenever his foot was heard on the threshold; nay, by a thousand acts of nature's gentle magic, memory and imagination could make those smiles and accents present, to soothe his toil with encouragement, and fill with music the hot air around him: but here those golden chains themselves had been strained or riven, those smiles themselves had faded; instead of a few miles of earth, there had yawned between him and the best riches of his heart an impassable chasm, and for consolation he could have no thought of an earthly home, but must listen only to the voice within, or look up to a Father who was in heaven.

'Feebly must they have felt
Who, in old times, attired with snakes and whips
The revengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me, — the face of her I loved,
The wife and mother pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable !'

"Such thoughts should make men at once careful and lenient in judging of those who differ from them and the majority, and especially it should avert all asperity from the mode of dealing with young men, who have been led to doubt, it may be through earnestness, and who have struggled to retain their footing, it may be almost in despair.

"We are not now to enter on any discussion of this wide subject: we present merely one or two preliminary, but we think vitally important considerations.

"First of all, let it be fully and boldly admitted what doubt really is and occasions; we mean in its bearing upon life and action. Blanco Whites and John Sterlings may be admirable and may deserve commendation in many ways, or they may not; but if such are to be taken as specimens of widely extended classes, if men are more and more to resemble these, it is at least plain that work is no longer to be got done in this world. If our modern enlightenment is merely to produce a vast swarm of doubters, if every year and decade, with its har-

vest of systems and proposals, furnishes simply an addition of labor to the poor man of next generation who would attain stable belief, our outlook for the future is somewhat startling ; it is perfectly manifest, that the children of the Hebrews, the Romans, and the Puritans must become moon-struck gazers rather than faithful workers, that the words of the poet must reach a positive and ghastly fulfilment, and Earth become the Bedlam of the universe." — pp. 293 – 295.

Then the struggles of strong men with unbelief, and their victories, are finely illustrated in the lives of John Foster, Thomas Arnold, and Thomas Chalmers. Mr. Bayne seems to us to place Arnold in unnecessary antagonism with Unitarianism. There is nothing in what he quotes from Arnold in this connection which a Sabelian might not say ; indeed, it is Deism that he is testifying against as unsatisfactory, and we know that he could not accept the Athanasian Creed, and that he signed the Thirty-nine Articles with some attempted disclaimers. But though our author may have misapprehended Arnold a little in this respect, he does ample justice to his dealing with historical Christianity, as will appear from this admirable passage : —

" Thus it is that the matter appears to one really trained in historical induction. There is no ' Coleridgean moonshine ' in that eye ! He sweeps through painted mist and carefully-woven cobweb, right to the heart of the question. It is to no fond dreaming enthusiasm, very beautiful, it may be, but very weak, that he commits himself ; he asks no aid from imagination, and he does not stop to inquire whether the plain fact, which his Saxon intellect demands, is given him by logic or by reason ; he wants the fact itself : grasping firmly, therefore, the hand of history, he finds his step at once on Judean hills, and he is surrounded by men who have the same hearts in their breasts, the same earth under their feet, as men in the nineteenth century. He fixes specially his regards upon Paul. He sees him trained in the school of Tarsus ; he hears him, in calm, earnest, clear, persuasive words, disputing with Grecian sages ; he notes that his opinions are so temperate that he becomes all things to all men, that his moral preaching is pure, mild, and thorough, that his zeal is stronger than death ; he perceives that his every earthly prospect is blasted, his good hopes of advancement, under the smile of high-priest and Pharisee, turned into certainty of bitter hatred, his life rendered one scene of hardship, danger, and poverty, by his belief in the divine mission of a certain Teacher ; he observes that he companies with men who declare

that, a few years before, they saw this Teacher pass upward into heaven, and had witnessed his raising of the dead while He went in and out among them. All is real, present, visible; there is none of the dimness of antiquity, the seclusion of mystery; these men sit there in Judea, unimpassioned, earnest, unanimous; there is in the whole scene no analogy the most distant to aught resembling a myth; the Gospel they proclaim is love and truth, the danger they face is death, the motive they can have, on the hypothesis that they are liars, inconceivable, the life they lead, the unanimity of their testimony, on the hypothesis they are enthusiasts, positive contradictions: as with a stamp of his foot he shakes the whole mythic theory to atoms, as an absurdity, to accept which were a feat of credulity within the powers of no faith save that of infidelity. There is, we think, a fine precision in his instant selection of Paul, as affording absolutely conclusive means of vindicating the strict historic verity of Christianity: the leading facts of Paul's life, as eliminated in the *Horæ Paulinæ*, are as well established, on their own evidence, as those of the life of Calvin; and if they are granted, not only does every mythic theory dissolve like a film of vapor, but the first links of a chain are taken into the hand, by which it seems to us scarce possible to avoid being led believably to the feet of Jesus." — pp. 372, 373.

Three closing chapters deal with "The Positive Philosophy," and "Pantheistic Spiritualism," and give the conclusion of the whole matter.

Our meagre sketch does very poor justice, indeed, to a very able and interesting work. Its value consists largely in the richness and fulness of its details, and in the genial and catholic spirit which breathes through every page. We do not discover, as some of the critics have done, the influence of Mr. Carlyle upon the writer's style, unless it must be charged upon the great essayist as his sin, that the rhetoric of this admiring and enthusiastic dissenter from Carlylism is sometimes over fine, and withdraws attention from the thought, and leads us to question for a moment the sincerity of one who can stop to pick up so many pretty things. But if what some may regard as an excess of liveliness shall secure for this book the eyes, and through the eyes the hearts, of the young, we will not utter the first word of censure, for it is the very book for our youthful thinkers, and we are sorry to add doubters, to read and study. It would be absurd to say that it is an exception to the word of the Apostle which

affirms that we know and prophesy only in part. It leaves the mysteries where it finds them, especially that awful mystery of sin and its punishment which so exercised the soul of Foster and drove him to his restoration views. We must say this even of the following passage, striking and eloquent as it is.

“Is it possible to believe that there is not in this something essentially wrong? Is the subject, then, after all, one of such way-side plainness, such clear, and absolute, and sunny simplicity? Are the clouds and thick darkness that have from the olden time mysteriously veiled the future, and cast their shade over such intellects as those of Luther, Calvin, Leibnitz, Pascal, and Jonathan Edwards, to roll away before such a soft summer gale of sentimentality as this? We cannot believe it. We can scarce conceive aught more diametrically opposed to the mightiest instincts that have swayed nations, and the most earnest beliefs which have been arrived at by great individual thinkers. What real thinker has there been, from Plato to Dante, from Dante to Calvin, and from Calvin, we shall add, to Carlyle, who has not recognized something unspeakably stern, something to create a solemn awe, in the general structure and relations of this universe? Were nature all sunny and cloudless; were the sea at all times glassy and still, or the pathway only of the spiced and gentle wind, leading along the white sail as if it were an infant of Ocean; were there only soft flowery lawns and May mornings, and no volcanoes or avalanches; were there but the smiles of birthday and of bridal upon human faces, no furrow traced by tears, no wrinkle writ by age, no shadow cast by coming death; were human history one joyous chime, ascending from the green earth to meet and mingle with the angels' music, broken by no wailings or sorrow, no shrieks and groans of battle; had the slopes of Olivet been ever mantled with the vine, and rung only to the song of the vintage, and never seen the crosses by thousands in the gray morning; did the human eye, as years go on, gather brightness, and beam with ever a clearer and prouder gladness, and were it not a fact that the eye of every man or woman of well advanced years has one expression giving tone to the others, vanishing, it may be, for an hour, but always returning, and that an expression of sorrow: then might we have heart to join Mr. Parker in his soft and child-like strain. But whenever we would essay to do so, we see ourselves confronted by immovable facts, by this one great fact — MISERY; and our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth. Has it been all a mistake, then, by which men have ever regarded death as dark and calamitous, and its infliction the severest form of punishment? What means the smoke of those sacrifices rising from every na-

tion on earth to an angry deity? Who put that word into the mouth of conscience, giving, along with it, a power to compel all men to listen, which declares and has ever declared man responsible and the sinner in danger? Surely the assertion that these phenomena have reference solely to the inconveniences entailed on the sinner in this life, requires no refutation. God has not averted the painful effects of sin in this world; he let Judas go to his despairing death, and a devil even on earth gnawed the heart of Saul; by what argument, then, can we conclude that he will totally avert the effects of sin in the next, and place Judas and Stephen alike within the light of his throne? 'Infinite pity yet also infinite rigor of law: it is so Nature is made; it is so Dante discerned that she was made.' These are the words of Mr. Carlyle." — pp. 337 – 339.

Here, too, it is a light shining in darkness, though it rays out enough brightness to direct the eyes upward in hopeful, humble waiting for clearer revelations.

One word upon the mechanical execution of this book. Otherwise excellent, the paper and type very satisfactory, it yet tries the reader by the insufficient width of the inner margin, rather compelling him to peer and peep, than suffering him to spread open the pages and read at his ease. It is so common a fault in thick duodecimos, and so annoying especially to those who must read by artificial light, that we shall be pardoned, we trust, for alluding to it.

R. E.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Japan as it was and is. By RICHARD HILDRETH, Author of "History of the United States," etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 576.

MR. HILDRETH is not a brilliant writer, and his books have not that fascination of style which attracts the mass of readers. But his narrations have always clearness, directness, and an accuracy of statement which gives them weight and value. In this volume he has entered a new field, and has gleaned in it with surprising industry, sagacity, and success. Japan has been hitherto regarded as a closed land, to be opened only by the boldness of modern diplomacy. A few traditions of Dutch and

Portuguese commerce, and still more scanty legends of Catholic missions, have been supposed to contain all that was ever revealed of the life and manners of that singular empire. Mr. Hildreth has shown, on the contrary, that none of the Asiatic regions *ought* to be better known than the land of the Japanese; that enough has been revealed of their past history, of their laws, their literature, their arts, their trade, their social and domestic life, the essence and the ceremonies of their religion, to enable a foreigner who has never touched their shores to write copiously and intelligently about them. By the collation of the accounts of travellers, of merchants, and of priests, he has produced a history as orderly, as continuous, and as full as the history of any nation of similar size in Europe or America. He does not leave us, like the stories of our recent expeditions, to see only what can be seen from the decks of a man of war in the harbors of the Bay of Jeddo, but takes us into the country, along its highways, across its plains, and through its towns and villages, shows us life in the palace and the cottage, the dress of the women and the occupations of the men, the national industry, character, and faith. He has selected so well, and judged so impartially, that his volume must be regarded as the standard work upon the subject in the English tongue. It is interesting from the beginning to the end. We could have wished, perhaps, a fuller account of the remarkable mission of that admirable man, Francis Xavier, and may regret that before issuing his history Mr. Hildreth had not been privileged to examine the archives of the Gésu in Rome; but we may not complain that more is not brought to light where we have so much that is curious and new. The most elaborate portion of the volume is that which translates and condenses the narrative of Engelbert Kämpfer, a German physician, whose adventures in Japan were published in the early part of the last century.

The volume is enriched by numerous explanatory notes, and is accompanied by an outline map, and a glossary of the Japanese terms which have passed into common use among the missionaries and merchants. We regard it as one of the most important recent contributions to historical literature.

India, China, and Japan. By BAYARD TAYLOR. New York : G. P. Putnam & Co. 12mo. pp. 539.

THIS volume concludes the series of Mr. Taylor's recent foreign travels. As an account of personal experiences, and a graceful, glowing, and enthusiastic description of natural scenery and the conveniences of life in the countries which he passes

through, it is quite equal to the previous volumes. In other respects it is less satisfactory. We could not, of course, expect to know much from Mr. Taylor about Japan, since he was there only a short time and could have but little intercourse with the people, but we think that in regard to India he might have collected much more valuable information than he has given us. We learn in the book almost nothing about the religious system, the castes, the rites and ceremonies, and the social life of the Hindoos and the nations around them. The remarks, in the twenty-first chapter, on the relation of the English government to the native races are judicious, but not sufficiently extended. Against China Mr. Taylor took in the beginning a prejudice, and, except some stirring scenes of the rebellion, his views in that country have not much interest. He is, nevertheless, a fascinating writer, and his books will do much to arouse and inflame among our young men the passion for travel. As a record of patient endurance and persistent energy in a vast and noble scheme of journeying, of an industrious and careful use of opportunities, and a ready adaptation to every variety of fortune, of what every successful traveller must be and do, these volumes are worthy of all praise. We hope that Mr. Taylor's future voyages (for we cannot believe that he will cease to travel, while any corner of the world remains unvisited) will bear as excellent fruits.

The Discipline of Sorrow. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, D.D.
"They who sow in tears shall reap in joy." Boston: American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield Street. 1855.
16mo. pp. 106.

If ever intellectual conceits and verbal prettinesses are out of place, it is in the house of mourning. The afflicted do not desire to hear fine things said about sorrow, and the success of the comforter is by no means in proportion to his cleverness. Plain truth out from the heart, the simplest testimony to the love of God and to the reality of his consolations, clothed in the simplest possible language, will effect all that can be effected by man in this way. It is the charm of this little book that it satisfies this requisition, that, instead of startling and perplexing the intellect, it addresses quiet and soothing words to the soul, words that are like the breath of a gentle wind, or as "the small rain upon the mown grass." Dr. Eliot speaks and writes with authority, as one who has tested his own lessons, — as one who has something to impart which, as it has served him well, may be equally serviceable to others. This little book, all the better for

being little, is distributed under the four heads of Preparation, Trial, Weakness and Strength, and Compensations. It has already been and will be a most welcome visitor in homes and chambers of sorrow, and will be sure to promote that discipline which it aims to set forth and illustrate. It is a very valuable addition to the helps which every faithful pastor wishes to have always about him.

Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature. By M. SCHELE DE VERE, of the University of Virginia. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 291.

PROFESSOR DE VERE, a man of talent, independent thought, poetical sentiment, and enviable facility of expression, has wisely gathered into one bouquet nine "Leaves," which had been cast upon the face of the waters in a deservedly popular monthly journal. The papers arrested attention when they appeared. Great as has been the progress of natural science in investing itself with an attractive dress, this new adventurer in the field manifested peculiar power of imparting instruction in an inviting form, of seducing the listless ear and winning the wandering eye, and inspiring something of his own enthusiasm for the sea-flora even more than for that of the land. With occasional repetitions, and the exaggeration that besets magazine-writers, this new champion of nature shows tenderness of feeling, breadth of view, eloquence of expression, and a most Christian trustfulness.

From the third chapter, "The Ocean and its Life," we extract what is merely an average specimen of the author's style.

"The great botanist, Schleiden, tells us how off the coast of Sitka the bottom of the sea is covered with dense and ancient forests, where plant grows close to plant, and branch intertwines with branch. Below there lies a closely woven carpet of rich hues, made of countless threads of tiny water-plants, red *confervæ* and brown-rooted mosses, each branching off into a thousand finely traced leaves. On this soft couch the luxuriant sea-lettuce spreads its broad, elegant leaves, a rich pasture for peaceful snails and sluggish beetles. Between them shine the gigantic leaves of the irides in brilliant scarlet, whilst along reef and cliff the dark olive-green fuci hang in rich festoons, and half cover the magnificent sea-rose in its unsurpassed beauty. Like tall trees the laminaria spread about, waving in endless broad ribbons along the currents, and rising high above the dense crowd. But the sea-forest boasts of still loftier trees, for the *nereocysti* rise to a height of seventy feet; beginning with a coral-shaped root, they grow up in a thread-like trunk which gradually thickens until its club-shaped form grows into an enormous bladder, from the top of which there waves proudly a large branch of delicate but immense leaves. These are the palms of the ocean. And what crowds of ill-shapen mollusks, fish and shell-fish,

move amongst them! Here they are huge balls, there many-cornered or starlike, then again long, streaming ribbons. Some are armed with large, prominent teeth, others with sharp saws, whilst a few, when pursued, make themselves invisible by emitting a dark, vapor-like fluid.

"Here one of the great mysteries which the ocean suggests often startles the thinking observer. For whom did the Almighty create all this wealth of beauty and splendor? Why did he conceal the greatest wonders under that azure veil which reflects nearly every ray of light, and mostly returns as if in derision the searcher's own face as his reward." — pp. 111, 112.

The Adventures of Hajji Baba in Turkey, Persia, and Russia.

Edited by JAMES MORIER. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 405.

UNDER a fictitious form there is a truth of spirit, a probability of incident, and a fidelity to Oriental manners, throughout these eighty chapters, which betray unusual familiarity with that far-off life. Very likely no one Hajji Baba could have existed beginning life as a Persian barber's boy and closing this portion of it as secretary of the Persian embassy to England; but stray chapters of a like romantic experience are recited nightly by desert camp-fires and within Damascus coffee-houses; and those who hear get a far more impressive picture of Asiatic society than can be drawn from whole libraries written by men who know nothing of the language, sympathize not at all with the people, and are welcomed within no walls but those of the hotel and the consulate.

With nothing supernatural, like the "Arabian Nights," nothing impossible like "Antar," there is a variety of adventure, a hopefulness of tone, and a sufficiency of peril to keep the commonest reader awake, and enrich him unawares with those very impressions Turkish travel is so sure to produce. The book is adapted to a youthful class, and bids fair to become a permanent part of their literature.

Words for the Workers; in a Series of Lectures to Workingmen, Mechanics, and Apprentices. By WILLIAM D. HALEY, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Alton, Illinois. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 146.

THE earnest young minister of Alton shows in this volume the secret of his success, in his originality, adaptedness, good sense, and fervor. Bating the inevitable faults of youth, which are recommendations sometimes to the young, and acknowledg-

ing that the propriety of this form and style of lecture for a Sunday service can only be excused by the necessity of a Western clergyman's saying upon the Lord's day all he has to say, we welcome these six Lectures, not only because they are devoted to a peculiarly neglected class, but because they can hardly fail of making an impression wherever read or heard, and of doing real and permanent good. Under the heads of Labor, Capital, Self-Education, Reading, Character, Religion, some most vital thoughts are addressed to the exposed youth of Western cities, with wisdom, sympathy, hope, and faith. Some points, of course, appear to us neglected or hastily stated; but the effect of the whole is to cheer and elevate, to warn and encourage, those whom the pulpit sometimes neglects in its short-sightedness, sometimes disgusts with its antiquated theology, and oftener wearies away with its frozen monotony.

We are thankful to know that the first Unitarian Church of Alton is being built up, both without and within, by one so capable of seizing upon promising opportunities, and turning them to such good account.

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- Peg Woffington. A Novel.* By CHARLES READE. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 303.
Christie Johnstone. A Novel. By CHARLES READE. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 310.
Clouds and Sunshine. And Art: A Dramatic Tale. By CHARLES READE. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 16mo. pp. 288.

THESE three volumes are among the first-fruits of a new and vigorous writer, whose fresh and plastic imagination, large insight into the motives of human conduct, dramatic skill in the delineation of character, and brilliant and picturesque style, seem destined to inaugurate a new class of fiction. As a mere master of style, we know no recent novelist who can come into comparison with Mr. Reade. His style is peculiar to himself; but his short crisp sentences have a brilliancy and point which would not fail to make him popular, even if his subjects and the manner in which they are treated were not equally original. Both in the choice of words and in their arrangement he shows an exquisite tact; and nothing can be more picturesque than the descriptive parts of his tales, or more sparkling than his dialogue. His wit is keen and polished, and his humor genial and hearty.

In the delineation of character, — especially of female character, — he exhibits remarkable power and a wide acquaintance

with human nature in its most secret depths. He has read the human heart with no common glance, but with a penetrating scrutiny which has laid bare all its varied workings. His characters for the most part are taken from apparently the least promising classes; but by the freshness and vigor of his treatment, he lifts them into an entirely new atmosphere. Perhaps his most remarkable triumph in this respect is in the interest with which he invests the young fish-woman, Christie Johnstone. Raising her from all the low and disagreeable associations which every reader connects with the female vender of fish, Mr. Reade has created a character whose native refinement, bright, clear intellect, and generous impulses make the reader almost forget amidst what scenes the beauty and strength of her moral and intellectual life were developed. Whether such a character could exist and grow more strong and more beautiful amidst such scenes is a question that we need not discuss here. But Mr. Reade has drawn such a character, and made it noble, true, and beautiful. It is, we believe, a new creation in English literature.

We have intimated that Mr Reade succeeds better in the delineation of his female characters than in the delineation of his men. His men, indeed, are only interesting because they are brought into various relations with his female characters. Colley Cibber and the old provincial lawyer are well drawn; but the rest may all be disposed of together as feeble and uninteresting personages. It is in the delineation of his male characters that the only real weakness of our author has yet been exhibited. We shall therefore look with much interest for his new work. If his men are more skilfully portrayed, and the other parts are not inferior to the works before us, his rank as a writer may be considered as established.

In the construction of his plots, and in their development, Mr. Reade has undoubtedly profited by his practice as a writer for the theatres. His incidents are striking and dramatic, and are arranged with excellent judgment and much artistic skill. At the first glance it might seem that some of his stories breathe a low moral atmosphere, and indicate no high views of life and its proper aims; but a more thorough acquaintance with his writings shows that the lessons which he would teach are always those of charity and humility.

Mathematical Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Mathematical Science. By CHARLES DAVIES, LL.D., Author of a Complete Course of Mathematics, and WM. G. PECK, A.M., Assistant Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Military Academy. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1855. Large 8vo. pp. 592.

THE plan of this work is explained in the preface to be, —
“1. To define with precision and accuracy every term which is used in Mathematical Science, and to afford, as far as possible, a definite, perspicuous, and uniform language. 2. A second object is to present, in a popular and condensed form, a separate and yet connected view of all the branches of Mathematical Science. 3. The work has also been prepared to meet the wants of the general reader, who will find in it all that he needs on the subject of Mathematics. 4. The practical man will find it a useful compendium and hand-book of reference. All the formulas and practical rules have been collected and arranged under their appropriate heads. 5. The chief design of the work, however, is to aid the teacher and student of Mathematical Science, by furnishing full and accurate definitions of all the terms, a popular treatise on each branch, and a general view of the whole subject.”

We need only add, that the design of the work is carried out as might have been expected from the well-known names of its authors, and that the mechanical part has been executed in a manner highly creditable to the publisher and attractive to the reader.

Polyglot Reader, and Guide for Translation: consisting of a Series of English Extracts, with their Translation into French, German, Spanish, and Italian; the several Parts designed to serve as Mutual Keys. By I. ROEMER, Professor of the French Language and Literature in the New York Free Academy. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

THE plan of these books is sufficiently explained in the title-page. It is another contribution to the many facilities of the day for learning foreign languages. It will not do for beginners, and is unnecessary for proficients. But there is an intermediate stage in which it may be useful. It will be welcomed by those who wish to get on faster and easier than they can do by an endless and wearisome recurrence to the Dictionary. The extracts are well selected for the object in view. There is an elaborate introductory essay on the study of languages, containing many excellent suggestions.

Extracts from the Diary and Correspondence of the late AMOS LAWRENCE; with a Brief Account of some Incidents in his Life. Edited by his Son, WILLIAM R. LAWRENCE, M. D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1855. 8vo. pp. 369.

THE publication of this beautiful and engaging volume is the result of a somewhat importunate demand in several of our newspapers, that the community in general might be allowed to peruse the record of a life of which it had become known that a memoir had been printed for private circulation. It is indeed the record of a faithful and a fruitful life, the biography of a man of singular excellence, of a most lovable nature, and of a most benevolent spirit. The book will be widely read, and its contents will be much discussed for some time to come. The subject of it bore a name which he and his brothers have made honorable for high integrity and mercantile enterprise, and for splendid gifts of money to various commendable objects. The book is purchased by hundreds of copies by the heads of our largest mercantile establishments, for the sake of a gift to young men in their employ, that they may learn from it lessons of thrift, of economy, of integrity, and of benevolence. According to the ruling spirit which is brought to the perusal of the volume will it have one or another effect on different readers. There will be many young readers of it who will consult it as they would go to a fortune-teller, to learn the secret of getting wealth rapidly and abundantly. But the book does not reveal that secret,—certainly not in a way to enable others to profit by it, except as it lays stress upon economy, industry, and prudence. But, as we all know, those three virtues taken together in their fullest exercise will not always insure wealth. That element of *luck* which even the most sincere believers in Providence can hardly exclude from all influence in a business life, will be supposed to have helped the prosperous man. Opportunity, too, that is, a favorable opening, an inviting and a happy state of things, will be indicated as having combined with good qualities to insure success. The facts are not strange in our day and in our community which tell us how a young man of good principles and thrifty ways may come almost penniless from the country into the city and gather a fortune. There is no especial secret in the process; for there are various ways of making a fortune, and one might understand them all, and yet not be able to imitate either of them successfully in his own case.

It is not to be supposed, therefore, that this book is put into the hands of so many young men of business in order to teach them the art of growing rich. Its best lessons are its incidental lessons, such as these:—that a large fortune may in some

cases be acquired *honestly* and *purely*; that integrity is a sufficient capital with which to start in a business career; that success in money-getting will very soon begin to injure the character unless especial pains are taken to guard against that result; that the moment a man begins to prosper, he should begin to aid others; and finally, that a much higher class of human qualities is necessary in the *use* of great wealth than in its acquisition. Mr. Lawrence wisely chose to select in his own lifetime the objects of his benevolence, and we have no doubt that he derived more enjoyment from witnessing the good done by his gifts, than from any other experience of his career.

The Poetical Works of EDMUND SPENSER. The Text carefully revised, and illustrated with Notes, original and selected, by FRANCIS J. CHILD. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 5 vols. 16mo. pp. lxxiii., 384, 423, 460, 464, 406.

THESE volumes appear in continuation of a series of the British Poets, for the publication of which in so elegant and yet so cheap a form we are indebted to the leading literary firm in our city. We are glad to hear that their costly enterprise — which seemed at first to have in it an element of the venture-some, not because we have not many readers of the poets, but because there are so many rival editions of them — has proved eminently successful. The volumes now in our hands require of us an additional word of high commendation beyond what we have been moved to bestow upon the successive portions of the series as they have rapidly appeared. Professor Child has no superior in our community as to qualifications for the editorial task in which he has engaged, and he has found occasion to exercise his best judgment in editing the Works of Spenser. It is not to be denied that the length of the author's chief poem, and the allegory, obscure and mystical at many points, which runs through it, would inevitably weary most readers were there not incidental compensations offered in the originality of its imagery, the richness of its conceits, the exquisite refinement of its sentiments, and, besides all these, the curious philological information to be gathered from it as to the history and the structure of the English language. The Editor has consulted the taste of his well-instructed readers, and the comfort of those to whom the poet would on every page be obscure, by the excellent judgment which he has shown in the amount and character of his annotations. Mr. George S. Hillard had admirably performed the task of an editor of Spenser, some fifteen years ago, for the same publishing firm. Copious selections from his abundant

notes, in some few cases slightly modified with additional ones, and a reconstruction of the glossary, a thorough revision of the text by comparison with old copies, with a new biography of the poet, more complete and accurate than those before in use, constitute the many distinguishing excellences of this new edition. We hope the Professor's faithful and successful labors will have the effect of engaging for Spenser a new and a strong phalanx of readers. He will insinuate more of the gentle virtues of refinement, courtesy, delicacy, and purity into the hearts of his true students than any other of the poets.

Elements of Physical and Political Geography. Designed as a Text-Book for Schools and Academies, and intended to convey just Ideas of the Form and Structure of the Earth, the Principal Phenomena affecting its Outer Crust, the Distribution of Plants, Animals, and Man upon its Surface; together with its Present Political Divisions. By CORNELIUS S. CARTÉE, A.M., Principal of Harvard School, Charlestown, Mass. Illustrated by Wood Engravings. Boston: Hickling, Swan, and Brown. 1855. 12mo. pp. 342.

WHEN a series of maps, copied from those of Johnston, or conformed to his plan, shall have been prepared as an accompaniment to this school manual, we shall look for a new interest on the part of pupils in the study of geography. The plan of this volume is admirable: indeed, we see not that it could in any respect have been modified to advantage. A schoolboy is never at a loss to understand the physical features of his own playground, as the dust or the mud, the grass or the snow, the sand, clay, or available pebble-stones, fix his interest; and a bright boy, if bright only for play, has a pretty good knowledge of the localities of his own native town or village, for the woods, meadows, marshes, and bogs, the hills, valleys, brooks, and ponds, the creatures likely to be found in each, and the specimens of his own human race presented in the different neighborhoods, are matters which engage one at least of his senses, as well as the curiosity of his mind.

When the whole earth is presented to a school pupil with somewhat of the same vividness of interest, he will learn geography out of a book; but on any other condition he cannot be expected to learn it. Something more than an approximation to this result is realized in the new manual before us. It is evidently the fruit of a long experience in the office of teaching, and is wrought out on a plan which the actual difficulties of conveying instruction by any other method, and an ingenious exercise of the author's own faculties, have suggested to his mind. A

clearly defined method, well analyzed and gradually expanding from generalities into details, with the introduction of illustrative matter concerning the elements or the physical processes of the globe, and an association of facts connected with human life, with the arrangements and furnishings of the scenes amid which it is passed, — these are the peculiar excellences of the work. Within the last few years, there have been great additions made to each of the departments of science and knowledge from which the author has drawn his materials. We believe he has been diligent in seeking information from the most recent and reliable sources, and faithful in the use of it. We therefore commend this work to teachers and committees, as most admirably adapted to convey instruction, and also to interest pupils in the result by making the process attractive.

The Holy Gospels illustrated in Forty Original Designs. By FREDERICK OVERBECK. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846.

THIS volume surely at first sight vindicates the publishers' claim, that it is the most magnificent illustrated gift-book of a religious kind that has yet gone forth from our press. It is a quarto, beautifully bound, with forty plates, and exquisite paper and type. As to the contents of the book, there will be various opinions probably, according to the critics' ideas of art, poetry, and religion. We propose now to do little more than set forth the main features of the artist's designs, and the apparent scope of the poetical illustrations selected by the Editor, whose initials at the close of the Preface indicate the name of the Rev. Dr. Osgood, in whom, as our readers need not to be informed, there is no lack of competency for the accomplishment of the task.

Overbeck, as an artist, must be judged from his own point of view, not from ours. He belongs to the Pre-Raphaelite school of painters, who have tried to revive the spirit of the Middle Ages upon canvas, as so many theologians and poets have tried to revive it in dogmas, vestments, and verses. At the same time he is a modern man, and, like all leaders of a *renaissance*, he brings up the old fashion quite in a new-fashioned way. The spirit of the nineteenth century peeps out everywhere from designs evidently suggested by the ghostly beauty of Fra Angelico's pencillings more than four hundred years ago.

To understand Overbeck's peculiar manner, we must review the history of Art as a working power in Christendom. The leading doctrine of the old Roman Catholic Church utterly denied the fair claims of the body with its proportions and senses,

and undertook to save the soul by the mortification of the physical man. The mediæval art was therefore unearthly and spectral, without being eminently spiritual or heavenly. The skin-and-bone figures of the old saints are far removed from our ideas of true humanity on earth or in heaven. But the spirit of beauty that God put into the human soul could not be kept buried, and poetry and art, by the revival of the beautiful in form and feeling, did a work of emancipation that charmed and astonished the artists and poets themselves. The free and glowing piety of some of the early writers of hymns did more to check papal tyranny, than the bold speculations of Abelard, or the daring measures of Arnold of Brescia. Fra Angelico, with all his monkish severity, threw upon his pictures a light that shone far beyond his own vision, and the mild fire that glows upon his thin and prostrate Madonnas lighted up an enthusiasm not to be pent within monastic gratings. He was unconsciously one of the precursors of the Reformation, by awakening the love of the beautiful in the human form and bringing on the new art and letters of the new ages. Raphael was the great radical who really carried out what the Pre-Raphaelites unconsciously prepared, and there is quite as much of the freedom of Protestantism in the full figures and graceful position of his saints, Madonnas, children, and angels, as in Luther's marriage and abjuration of monkery, his version of the Scriptures, or his burning the Pope's bull. Consistent Catholics now see this fact, and mourn over Raphael's later style as a return from Christian severity to the old Grecian freedom. Surely enough, much of our modern art has justified this apprehension, and Raphael's beauties have stolen away from chapel niches and church walls to figure in quite different scenes in theatres and ball-rooms. Overbeck and his whole school of devotees, who have returned to the ancient Church, have tried to chasten the spirit of beauty into the rule of faith, and lead back the graces, like penitents, to their ancient allegiance. Their art is, therefore, a kind of compromise between modern taste and ancient faith, and they try to make their saints as pleasing as they can, consistently with their dogmas of the crucifixion of the flesh and the saving power of fasting, prayer, and the sacraments. As specimens of our meaning, we refer to those two beautiful plates, the Annunciation and the Presentation in the Temple, as showing this attempt to unite the severity of Catholic faith with the freedom and refinement of modern artistic taste. In the illustrations more directly historical or less connected with Romish ritualism, as in the Calling of Matthew and the Denunciation of the Pharisees, there is less of the artist's mannerism, and a far bolder touch and freer invention, whilst in those designs that treat symbolically of human life, as

in the illustrations of the Sower and the Ten Virgins, there is a vivacity and breadth that reveal the full culture of a man of the age. In the treatment of topics peculiarly connected with the miraculous character of Christ, the artist is very unequal. The Resurrection and Ascension are very inadequately handled, as perhaps the majesty of the subjects compels; whilst the Raising of Lazarus and the Appearing to Thomas are treated with a masterly hand, so as to startle and awe by the display of power and pathos. On the whole, we consider these illustrations as superior to any that have aimed at so great an extent. Scriptural pictures never wholly satisfy, but we are sure that no eye can look upon these forty prints without some new suggestions of the meaning and power of the Gospels.

The Editor in his Preface sets forth his purpose to accompany the text with suitable poetical selections. He has used great freedom alike in his range of authors and subjects, going without scruple from the *Stabat Mater* to Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and taking at pleasure either an old monastic hymn that aims to describe the scene itself, or a modern poem of sentiment that touches the idea of the text. In some cases he may have stretched his liberty quite far enough, as in the verses that follow the Massacre of the Innocents, yet there is an obvious connection between the murder of children by an ancient tyrant, and the murderous neglect of children by Mammon, the modern tyrant, and Mrs. Browning had that idea when she wrote the verses quoted, "*The Cry of the Children*": —

"Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,
And your purple shows your path;
But the child's sob cursêth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

We presume that the necessity of observing a certain limit of space in the selections, led in some cases to the preference of pieces of less merit than others more to the editor's taste. We regret to note a few somewhat gross typographical errors in a volume of such beauty. They occur in those passages which were printed not from manuscript, but from books, and were not probably submitted to the editor for revision. Printers should be more careful, and not venture to send forth any pages which have not been carefully revised by a competent editor.

We observe with satisfaction the names of cherished brethren of our own, such as Hedge, Norton, Frothingham, Longfellow, and Pierpont, on the list of poets chosen to illustrate the pictures.

Oakfield; or Fellowship in the East. By W. D. ARNOLD, Lieut. Fifty-eighth Regiment, B. N. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1855. 12mo. pp. 444.

WE must confess that we were at first a good deal puzzled and not much attracted by *Oakfield*, and had it not been for the author's intimate association with a most honored name, we should hardly have held on our way through its pages. Our readers scarcely need to be told, we presume, that W. D. Arnold is son of the late distinguished Master of Rugby: bearing this in mind, our patience held out a little longer than common, and in this instance had its reward. For there really is a vast deal in the book which will repay a perusal. It throws much light upon English army life in India, and at the same time is a valuable practical, and, so to speak, concrete contribution to our religious and ethical literature. What perplexed us at the outset, however, perplexes us still, and indeed seems to have perplexed *Oakfield* himself and all his friends. We cannot understand how one who could find no real, and satisfactory, and possible work in England, should have been left to imagine that such work would offer itself to him in the Anglo-Indian army. Perhaps Arnold means to teach that establishments of all sorts, clerical or lay, sacred or secular, are about the same things, equally perilous to the individual Christian conscience; that a man is no farther off from the kingdom of Christ who is hunting Sikhs in India, being a soldier, than he would be hunting foxes in England, being a minister of the Gospel. On the whole, we heartily commend the book to our readers, believing that it will prove at least suggestive and tonical. If any one finds his indignation aroused by the picture of English life in India, we beg that he will study the delineation of native Indian life, given in the "*Private Life of an Eastern King*," a notice of which we should like to have given in this number of our journal. He will realize, we are persuaded, that the East Indians have nothing to lose by coming under English rule.

Indian Legends and other Poems. By MARY GARDINER HORSFORD. New York: J. C. Derby. 1855. 16mo. pp. 167.

THERE are a great many gems in this modest volume. Sweet and delicate sentiments, utterances of the heart not seeking the strained conceits of elaborate imagery, but content to express themselves with the most direct simplicity, give a true charm to most of these pieces from the pen of Mrs. Horsford. We took up the volume with the cool intent of "skimming it," as the

phrase is; not because we had any reason for thinking that the book was of that lacteal character which admits of being resolved into a little cream and a large residuum of something else, but because we have a limited capacity for modern poetry. We went through the book at a sitting; we did more and better, for we re-read portions of it, and transferred some of its choice stanzas to the best of all our commonplace-books,—our memory. The etymological definition of a poet, as “a maker,” “a creator,” never satisfied us, nor is it really half so applicable to the lyrical writer as to the musical composer, or even to the scientific writer. A poet may create images indeed, but the poet’s noblest office is *to express, to utter* what already exists, especially in the realm of pure sentiment and noble truth. The charm of Mrs. Horsford’s *compositions*—for we must use that word to define the construction of lines out of words—lies in the graceful expression of truthful feelings, and in the simple delineation of the scenery which enters into her legends. In two of her poems we meet with a delicate theme which has often employed a female pen in prose and verse,—namely, the feelings of a mother’s heart “when she feels for the first time her first-born’s breath”; but we remember no lines which surpass hers in the tenderness and beauty of their sentiments, or in the appropriateness of the language which sets them forth. We commend this volume to our readers, as one which is sure to win a place in their esteem when they have given a quiet hour to its perusal.

The Annals of San Francisco; containing a Summary of the History of the First Discovery, Settlement, Progress, and Present Condition of California, and a Complete History of all the Important Events connected with its great City: to which are added Biographical Memoirs of some Prominent Citizens. By FRANK SOULÉ, JOHN H. GIHON, M. D., and JAMES NISBET. Illustrated with one hundred and fifty fine Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. 8vo. pp. 824.

A WONDERFUL book, because of its wonderful theme. Only one condition is lacking to fill out the marvellous impression which this volume is calculated to make on the mind of the reader, namely, the condition that the book should have been printed from type cast and on paper made in California; then we should have had in our hands a symbol of what we are reading on the page. This condition might well have been fulfilled, elegant as the volume before us is, for we have seen specimens

of paper and printing from California factories and workshops not one whit behind the productions of our oldest cities. We have been strangely fascinated by the perusal of this work. Even its driest statistical records seem wholly unlike the same details about other places, while the mingling of romance, of wild adventure, of exciting descriptions, and of daring enterprise, in its narrative portions, more than realizes the witchery of some Arabian tales. The joint labors of the three clear-headed men who have united in the preparation of this work contribute to exhaust the record of the facts which contain the history of California. When we consider that all that there is of interest about the country has transpired within the last half-dozen years, it would seem as if we could hardly use the word *history* in connection with it. But there are whole centuries of past ages which do not offer so much material for the annalist. If any of our readers wish to have in their keeping an accurate and complete sketch of the events which have occupied in detail so large a portion of all our newspapers for the last few years, they will possess themselves of this volume.

Early Religious Education considered as the Divinely Appointed Way to the Regenerate Life. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. "Feed my Lambs." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1855. 12mo. pp. 128.

DR. ELIOT, never unmindful of those of his own immediate religious household, finds time to serve a larger company by valuable contributions to our Christian literature. His books are plain, direct, earnest, and as thoroughly Christian in their spirit as they are wholly unpretending in their style. They are not ponderous theological treatises, they do not aim at any niceness of logical statement or argument, but they present practical Gospel truths in such forms as are best fitted to bear them into the minds and hearts of the multitude of Christians. The book before us is a very clear and sensible plea for early religious education as the best means for working the needed change in the heart. Of course the author's plan leads him to bring forward the human rather than the divine side in the great process. God is faithful. It is he who waiteth for us, not we for him, and it is his pleasure to work through human instrumentalities. The contents of the book are well distributed into six chapters, under the topics of "The Regenerate Life," "Religious Instruction," "The Parent's Duty," "School Education," "The Divine Method," and "Parental Responsibility"; and in all these chapters

we are kept close to the great aim of the author, which is to show that the change from spiritual death to life should begin with the earliest days of youth, as soon as a sense of dependence upon God and responsibility to him can be awakened, and that they who so begin are in the best condition to grow to the stature of perfect Christian men. We have been especially delighted with what is said upon the relative importance of the education which the child *ought* to receive at home compared with that which is imparted in the Sunday School. "A Christian mother is worth more to her children in their religious and moral, that is to say, their Christian training, than all Sunday schools and churches, preachers and libraries, put together."

First Lessons in Geometry. By THOMAS HILL.

THE author of this little volume of one hundred and forty-four pages, is nearly as well known in the community for his warm and successful interest in educational matters, and for his mathematical attainments, as for his professional assiduity and success. Mr. Hill reasons, therefore, from what he has seen and noted, as well as abstractly, to his conclusion that geometry belongs to the early part of school study. So he says in the Preface, that "it will be found that children of this age (five to eight years) are quicker at comprehending first lessons in geometry than those of fifteen."

Knowing Mr. Hill's aptness for such study, we were still not quite prepared to find him so successful in his attempt to come down to a child's reasoning powers in treating such a subject. But a perusal of a few chapters convinced us, not only of the practicability of the plan, but of the success of the author in carrying it out. In reading on, we found some gaps in the order, which the teacher may very properly be expected to fill. A little more pains might well have been taken to let the pupil know the derivation of some of the terms which he is expected to learn and accept only as signs. On page 112 we read, "Oval means egg-shaped." That is plain enough, and the pupil will remember not only what an exact oval is, but also the appended statement that a wider use is allowed in geometry for the term. The same method invariably pursued with other similar words, with "ellipse," for instance, would have been of decided advantage. It will take something more than their geometrical use to fix in a pupil's mind such words as "directrix," "hyperbola," "parabola," "hypocycloid," "caustics," &c., all on one page. But the book is a very valuable one, — a desideratum in the common school, — and none the worse, on the whole, that it will bear the assistance of a good teacher.

In meeting with so good a manual, we are at once reminded of the scores of text-books which have come into being within a dozen years, many of them entirely worthless, and yet not on that account kept out of the schools. The Legislature of Massachusetts took a step in the right direction, in authorizing the several towns to furnish books to their schools at public expense. But to give the highest practical advantage to this new statute, another, not more arbitrary than that which requires the examination of teachers, is needed, that all books before passing into the hands of the pupils should be properly approved by competent persons. *The text-books need looking after.* Made, as many of them are, only as pecuniary speculations, they are sometimes crowded upon committees, not always competent and seldom willing to examine them thoroughly, by book agents, by inducements which are disgraceful. We have heard of a single agent who persuaded one committee to reject a series of reading-books for another, and passed into the next town to reverse the arrangement there, where the second series was already in use! A series of manuals upon the topics required to be taught in the schools prepared under State sanction, would not only probably be the best, but would also have the effect to crowd out all others which were not suitable. And the State could afford to bring authors who are not quite willing to enter into such peddling competition into the service of the schools in preparing just what may be needed for them. We hope something of this kind may yet be matured by the proper persons.

INTELLIGENCE.

OBITUARY.

REV. GEORGE FREDERICK SIMMONS was the second son of William Simmons, a Judge of the Police Court of Boston. He was born in 1814, entered the Latin School in 1823, and Harvard College in 1828. Whilst in College he was a faithful although not a very laborious student, and preferred the attractive studies that appeal to the taste, to the severer studies that more task the memory and analytic powers. He was an admirable scholar in the English department, eminent for his perception of the artistic niceties of the Greek and Latin classics, yet somewhat impatient of philological research, not especially distinguished in mathematics, nor as eager for metaphysical investigation as his turn of mind would seem to promise. It was as a writer and speaker that he was pre-eminent, and this pre-eminence gave him of course a peculiar felicity in appreciating the worth of the gems of literature and eloquence that were so often under discussion. His gift of composition

matured more slowly than his oratory, and it was not until the senior year that his pen showed its remarkable power.

In college he was not social, and he placed himself for some time in strong contrast with the gregarious habits of students by *boarding himself*, as the phrase was, in his own room, a task which he achieved much to his own satisfaction, both in point of dietetics and economics. Yet he was no recluse, but was an earnest observer of all that transpired in our little world; and when any thing displeased him he had a power of sarcasm both in his tongue and drawing-pencil that few offenders were willing to brave. There was an imperious and not seldom a sarcastic vein in his favorite selections for declamation, quite in keeping with his manner. He gave, with a scathing power that is as fresh as yesterday in our mind, Timon's terrible curse upon Athens, and we remember with equal distinctness the mingling of delicate pathos and flaming denunciation with which he declaimed the speech of Marino Faliero from Byron. His voice now rings like a bell in our ears, as we read the words:—

“Doubt not, Saint Mark's great bell shall wake all Venice,
Except her slaughtered Senate: ere the sun
Be broad upon the Adriatic, there
Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown
The roar of waters in the cry of blood!
I am resolved,—come on!”

In the senior year a feeling that had for some time been silently working in his class very distinctly pronounced itself, and a considerable number of them were known to each other as cherishing decided religious convictions. Simmons shared heartily in the feeling, and perhaps the main topic of his conversation was the Sunday service in the College Chapel. Henry Ware was a great help to him. He was especially an admirer of Palfrey's acute thought and nicely studied expression, and not one of the course of sermons on the Christian virtues, 2 Peter i. 5-7, was permitted to pass without a somewhat elaborate discussion on his part. His reading took a very decidedly religious turn, and the same exquisite taste that before revelled in Byron and Spenser and Shakespeare now found food in the choice sentences of the classic divines of England and America. In Jeremy Taylor he took especial delight, and when he found a congenial ear, he would read or recite rich passages from this precious father in sacred letters, with equal delight to his intellect and his affections. In leaving college he gave to one of his classmates who roomed opposite him a copy of Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, which for years he has sacredly kept within reach as he studies or writes at his table.

On graduating in 1832 he had the fourth part in the exercises, the salutatory oration, and vindicated his reputation for oratory in spite of the difficulties of speaking in the Latin language. Receiving a tempting invitation to be private tutor in the family of Mr. David Sears, he did not join several of his intimate associates who at once entered the Divinity School, but went to Mr. Sears's country-house at Longwood, Maine, and the next year, 1833, he accompanied the family to Europe. How full of privilege a residence in Europe under such favorable auspices must be to a nature so gifted with choice tastes, and so strong in self-control, need not be argued. It helped to make him what he be-

came, one of the most accomplished men of our day, simple as were his manners and retiring his habits. In July, 1835, he returned and entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, from which four of his college class had just graduated, and five more were then in the School. Among the latter was his friend Bellows, with whom he has ever been upon terms of peculiar intimacy, and who preached his ordination sermon at Dr. Channing's church in 1838. He was ordained as an evangelist immediately after leaving the School, and directly began his ministry at Mobile, where he remained until the summer of 1840. His ministry was successful both in the pulpit and the pastoral sphere, until its sudden conclusion, under circumstances so well known to our circle of readers, and so closely connected with the agitations between North and South at the present time. Mr. Simmons's sermons that led to the outbreak were manly, yet very mild and cautious. Indeed, if tested by the present rhetorical standard on the exciting question, they do not reveal a single incendiary spark, and would not stir the ire of the most conservative congregation among us. He certainly did not anticipate any commotion, although fully aware that he was attacking the most inveterate prejudice of the community. He expected remonstrance, but not outrage; he was willing to be a confessor of liberty in the house of bondage, but was not ready to be a martyr at the hands of a mob whose rage endangered his friends in threatening his life. In the summer of 1840 he returned to Massachusetts, and preached in various pulpits. In April, 1841, he began to preach regularly at Waltham, and was installed as minister of the Unitarian church in that town in November, 1841. The installation sermon was given by Rev. James Freeman Clarke. His ministry at Waltham was most laborious, and full of good fruits. His sermons impressed the people deeply, and his pastoral labors were perhaps beyond the limit of prudential effort. This excessive devotedness to pastoral visiting so trenchanted upon his time for study, that it probably entered largely into his reasons for leaving Waltham to go to Germany. He undoubtedly desired to settle to his satisfaction some grave questions in theology, and his mind was deeply moved upon the questions of the inspiration of the Scriptures and the nature of Christ. But for his laborious pastoral care, he might probably have pursued his studies in Waltham. Yet his conscience would not allow him to abate his zeal so long as he remained, in his charge. He went to Europe in the spring of 1843, and there remained, mostly at the University of Berlin, till the summer of 1845. Upon his return, in October, 1845, he married Mary, daughter of Rev. Samuel Ripley, senior pastor of the church at Waltham, who now is the widowed mother of his four children.

After his return he preached in various pulpits in Boston and vicinity, and in New York, till February, 1848, when he took charge of the Unitarian church in Springfield, which was vacated by the decease of Rev. Dr. Peabody. In Springfield his success was of a mingled nature. He had most enthusiastic friends, and not a few lukewarm parishioners, whilst the whole congregation were ready to grant that their minister was a most gifted and spiritually-minded teacher and exemplary man. Here, as in Mobile, the one exciting question led to a fatal feud, and a sermon preached after the assault upon George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, so alienated a portion of his people as to lead him to quit his post. He retired to Concord, Massachu-

setts, with health much shattered and feelings not a little wounded, for his labors had been great and his attachment strong. At Concord he busied himself much with gardening, lived as far he could in the open air, and was gradually restored to comparative health. He preached at various times in the interval at Groton, Woburn, Lexington, and Plymouth, and in November, 1850, went to Albany, New York, where he was installed in January, 1854. In Albany he labored faithfully, composing sermons in his most careful style of thought and diction for the little company of worshippers, yet unwilling to swerve a jot from his characteristic self-respect in order to attract hearers, or even to inform the public of his services and his subjects. The most gifted and accomplished man probably in the whole city, lived there as a stranger to the people at large, and was pained by the effort of friends to call attention to his worth.

Early last summer he was seized with typhus fever, which left him after about six weeks in extreme weakness, and terminated in rapid consumption, September 5, 1855. Never within our remembrance has death snatched away such a casket of undisplayed gems as when Simmons died. His life has been full of good uses, indeed, and we have heard excellent persons speak of his power over them with an enthusiasm extended, so far as we know, to no other of our contemporaries. At the same time, the feeling is almost universal that he died without making his due mark upon the world, and all his rich stores of learning and his various gifts and his faithful discipline seemed to have been the preparation for a work which he was never allowed to finish.

Yet there is nothing very mysterious or unaccountable in his peculiar development, if we consider his characteristic temperament. He had all talents except the one talent of moving among men and making himself one with them. His best friends have often confessed that whilst in their company he was actually absent from them, and it was only upon rare occasions that the true social magnetism seemed to seize his large nature and join it to theirs. His virtues had something of the anchorite's severity. He was kind yet not social, benevolent yet not sympathetic, a pattern of personal economy without professional prudence, and of mechanical ingenuity and artistic skill without practical tact. He sometimes pleased people without meaning it, and not seldom offended them deeply without the least intention. The sympathetic power which gives most men so much of their insight and their tact was in him very dull, and it cost him much effort sometimes to reason out a matter of social bearing which many a mediocre mind would divine at a glance. This deficiency, in our judgment, helps to account for the most marked characteristic of his professional life,—the absence in his pulpit oratory of the flaming eloquence that so distinguished his earlier years. He had tenderness, beauty, and emotion in the pulpit, but not much of the glow of feeling and expression that seizes on the hearts of the people, and kindles them into flame. His hearers speak of occasional gleams of this fire, but it was the rare exception, and generally his manner had a silken smoothness, and not seldom a meditative and secluded tone. The fact seems to have been that he distrusted the impassioned impulses that entered so largely into his youthful eloquence, and instead of subduing them to his high purpose, set them aside as unfit for the sanctuary. The wild steed which, as Plato hints, should be tamed into the soul's service, he dismissed as an unprofitable servant,

and preferred to go on foot rather than to ride with such assistance. In taking this course he has not followed the method of the masters of sacred eloquence, from St. Paul to Martin Luther, Wesley, and even our own Channing, who have aimed rather to consecrate than to destroy their passions, and who have put the Gospel armor upon the wild horse and enlisted all his militant speed and courage in the service of the Prince of Peace. The two parts of his nature, the propensities and the intellectual and moral faculties, did not seem to connect with each other. He could probably less easily make this connection from the absence of that ready sympathy which so mediates between the mind and its circumstances, and so powerfully harmonizes the man with himself by harmonizing all the faculties of his nature in genial fellowship. Because he was by nature so much of a son of thunder, he parted with his thunderbolts, and generally in the pulpit he who had been noted as the impassioned declaimer became the quietist. His caustic and somewhat irascible temper made him distrustful of his impulses, and he appears systematically and painfully to have tried to leave them out of his array of forces. He left them far behind him in the valley whilst he climbed the mount of spiritual vision, like the prophet of old, who went from the idolaters of the plains to the heights of Carmel to hold communion with God.

His habitual studies were not much in the line of popular sympathy or social feeling. He spent much time and very severe labor upon the nice philological questions connected with the origin and relation of the four Gospels, whilst he speculated earnestly upon the nature of the divine manifestation in Christ. He was fearless in maintaining his conclusions, and was quite as brave in the school of criticism as in the arena of moral reform. He was as ready to throw down the gauntlet to a powerful scholar like Norton, as to take up the cudgels for an abused Abolitionist like Thompson, in face of all the titled respectability of the town. He appeared most earnest to have his critical researches known and appreciated, and has left manuscripts that embody the patient study of years in New Testament criticism. He was a bold yet reverent critic, and whilst using all the freedom of the boasted Rationalism, he accepted devoutly the miraculous works and spiritual sanctions of Jesus Christ as teacher, exemplar, and redeemer. He has not printed many sermons, but the few that have been printed show great delicacy of sentiment, a fastidious care in the choice of words, a bold and uncompromising moral standard, and a spirituality that may appear to more timid worshippers to border upon mystical pietism, — a pietism quite as marked as appears in any writings of his friend and teacher, Neander, of whose worth and eccentricities he was so fond of telling. If we were to name any man of recent times, however, who reminds us of Mr. Simmons's career in respect to professional success and religious experience, it would be John Sterling. Simmons had Sterling's delicate æsthetic sensibility, his punctilious conscience, his devout affections, his subjective intellect, and his little aptitude for dealing with men and the world. Yet he had, if a less genial temper, a more mature and settled faith than the English latitudinarian, and brought to his toils and sacrifices a more persistent heroism. In fact, we can conceive of two biographies of Simmons quite as different and truthful as Hare's and Carlyle's *Lives of Sterling*. As a moralist and theologian he furnishes a richer theme than the disheartened Rector of Hertsmonceux, and as a

wit and satirist, sometimes overflowing with fun and anecdote, a critic of art, and a keen sketcher of character, he is not wholly unlike Carlyle's boon companion who gave his name to the Sterling Club. His friends will be more ready than strangers to apply to him something of Carlyle's remark on his hero's keenness: "In short, a flash as of clear-glancing, sharp-cutting steel lay in the whole nature of the man, in his heart and in his intellect, marking alike the excellence and the limit of them both."

There are passages of his career which, in self-sustained dignity and uncomplaining truthfulness to principle, deserve a place on the record of historic deeds. Among our American scholars, in his self-poise and fortitude, he is worthy of being named with the brave philosopher Fichte, whom Germany places at the head of her recent literary heroes. Like him, Simmons could live with God alone and not mourn at his loneliness. Like him, he was willing to contemplate God first as the Eternal Truth and the Infinite Spirit, to find him at last as the Present Helper and the Heavenly Father.

The death of Mr. Simmons has made an impression upon his circle of friends as profound as it is peculiar. It has brought him near to them with singular distinctness, as if death had parted the veil of reserve that hung before the shrine of his thoughts. They see him now as a spiritual presence, his trials over, his pains soothed, his rest secure, his fellowship tender, his victory won after a life full of labor not without many anxieties, but without a single stain upon his purity. He deprecated all public ceremonial upon the occasion of his burial, but his classmates have felt themselves at liberty to pay their tribute to his worth. The noble obituary notice in the *Christian Inquirer* was from his most intimate friend. Another classmate preached an occasional sermon upon his death in the Church of the Messiah, New York, where Simmons had not long since preached with rare beauty and unction. These poor words now penned but faintly record the impression left by the marked mind and the cherished brother, who for twenty-seven years has been to us a familiar name. We look for a volume of his sermons bearing upon the interior life, and doubt not that this treasure, with the legacy of his spotless and faithful life, will put the crown of success upon a career that has always borne the palm of merit.

His last days were full of light and peace. One who met him six weeks before his death on his way home to Concord, and received his "God bless you!" as the two classmates parted, never to meet again on earth, can say that his mild and kindly eye was a benediction never to be forgotten, as lovely as an October sunset where warm summer seems smiling out of the serious eye of autumn upon the sere and yellow leaf.

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
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
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